

Part 1 of a Bay Area probe into a NEW morticians' market

Political influence peddling, extraordinary bidding squabbles, mass production techniques. . . This is the inside story of a discreetly-hidden Bay Area business in war bodies.

In this two-part Guardian investigation, we present this scramble for bodies: Of the extraordinary lengths a losing bidder went to get government contracts, of alleged calls to the

LBJ ranch, of a visit to a California congressman and an accommodating San Francisco supervisor and of the government inspector moonlighting on a funeral director's payroll.

In this first part — a young couple's promising start in government business, rejection of a Negro undertaker's low bid and a strange choice of caskets.

The scramble for war bodies

By Jack Lind

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While American service-men have been killed in ever greater numbers in Vietnam, a small group of dedicated Bay Area morticians have been competing vigorously to corner the undertaking market on fatalities from Vietnam.

There is nothing strange about an undertaker who wants a share of the government work in "dressing and casing up" (as one mortician inelastically put it) of Vietnam fatalities. Somebody has to do it, and the government has, until recently, depended on private entrepreneurs who are experts in the business. But with escalation of the war, the mortuary work has taken on much the look of an assembly line operation.

AS OF Sept. 1, a total of 12,730 American servicemen have been killed in Vietnam, according to Defense Department figures. Buried in the statistics, which are anything but clearly presented to the public, are another 2,400 or so non-combat fatalities.

Since most of the bodies have come through San Francisco for handling before they are returned to the serviceman's hometown, this all makes for a tidy amount of business for an enterprising Bay Area undertaker.

The advantages to this government contract business are twofold: the successful undertaker does volume business and, because of the "out-of-town nature" of the work, he doesn't deal directly with survivors, which can often be emotionally taxing to even the more hard-nosed businessmen.

It is small wonder, under these circumstances, that the scramble for bodies among Bay Area morticians has been spirited and unrelenting.

THE Defense Department is wary of inquiries about "body contracts," as they are known in the trade. "Release of information about this is

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Shelley's curious exit: Was he forced out?

By Douglas Dibble
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Unless you have spent the past fortnight in a dark cave (and presumably you haven't), you know that John Shelley will be mayor of San Francisco until the end of the year, and no longer.

You might also know that his successor will either be Harold Dobbs, whose drive-in restaurants serve a mean hamburger, french fries and a coke (the all-American meal); Joseph Alioto, whose legal eagling included winning a very big frozen pie case some years ago, or Jack Morrison, the only poor man seriously in the race.

You probably know those facts. The rest of us, much more alert than you, also know the following:

1. That Shelley had announced months ago his intention to run again. Only his unsuccessful foe of 1963, Mr. Dobbs, stood in his way.

2. That Shelley suddenly went to the hospital on Sept. 7 for a check-up—completely exhausted, insisted his staff. Not quite, bellowed the Examiner, predicting correctly that the mayor was going to withdraw from the race.

3. That Shelley did just that on the next day, placing in the hands of his staff a public statement implying that his heart, which had been ill twice before, probably couldn't stand yet another campaign and, possibly, another four years of crisis in office.

4. On the same day, just one hour after Shelley withdrew, Alioto descended from his 111 Sutter perch and announced his own candidacy. Though the restaurant of the same name is owned by some cousins Alioto, the race for mayor suddenly shaped up and hamburgers and cokes versus filet of sole and tartar sauce.

5. Four days later, on Sept. 12, Morrison joined the fray. He doesn't own a restaurant, nor do his cousins, but he and Alioto evidently both used the same greasy kid stuff when they were young and hairy. He is not quite as bald as Alioto, not quite.

That is the extent of public knowledge; this much we all know for certain. From here on, conjecture and surmise are the key words. Underline them.

Using the Socratic method of asking questions in our never-ending search for truth, we find these puzzlers:

1. Why did Shelley withdraw?
2. Was Alioto's timing mere coincidence?
3. Can Morrison win, without money?
4. Just what are the Burtons doing, anyway?

The mayor's first announcement put great stress on his heart condition. There were references to "he gave all the heart he had to his city," and the like. But a week later, when

the doctors' opinions were in, it turned out that the mayor's ticker is okay. It's his colon.

"Mayor Shelley had the heart but not the guts," an out of town reporter summed the last medical bulletin for his newspaper. This lead never ran.

Colon or heart, no matter. Rest and relaxation, ordered the doctors, and no vigorous campaigns and long years in the glare of the public spot-

455

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light. A nice quiet job, they said.

All but the worst political cynics must take the doctors' opinion at its face value. Politicians might bend the truth now and then, but which of our mothers has raised us to think doctors could lie, much less eminent specialists at the University of California Medical Center?

Well, evidently neither Morrison's mother nor the Burtons' mother ever drummed that little fact of life into their heads. The duplicator fluid wasn't even dry on Alioto's statement of candidacy before both Burtons and one Morrison began muttering about "deals" and "back-rooms" and how Shelley's truly unwell condition might have given his money backers, and disenchanted supporters, just the right opportunity they sought to dump him.

What empirical evidence supports this obviously wild idea? For one thing, it is generally agreed that Shelley's chances for re-election didn't look so hot in very early opinion polls. For another, even his friends weren't impressed with his day-to-day operation of the mayor's office over the past four years.

All admitted they were among the toughest years ever faced by a may-

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Fear of Reagan makes some UC Regents reluctant to pick a fight

By our correspondent

Fear, plain fear of Gov. Reagan and what damage he can do to the University of California, lies behind the regents' decision to slap a new "charge" on UC undergraduates. William Trombley, the excellent Los Angeles Times higher education writer, came up with the proof when he recently quoted an unnamed regent as saying, "you can't pick a fight with the governor. He can hurt you in a hundred ways."

He can, and he has. And there is little doubt that Reagan's administration won't continue to pummel the university.

THE budget is approaching. Later this month, regents will be handed a 1968-69 state support budget totaling about \$305 million, some \$75 million more than the state allocated this year.

The spending program will be constructed from a workload base of \$264 million, not the \$251 million

the university finally received for 1967-68. It will include additional money for an expected enrollment increase, for new and improved programs and for projects deferred in 1967-68.

Throughout the budget hurly burly, Reagan insisted the 1967-68 cutbacks were temporary because of state financial problems. Repeatedly, he sang this tune. He won.

It is not likely he'll have much to say about the new budget when it is presented, but his stand likely will be known before the state budget is presented in January.

SOME regents, with Los Angeles industrialist Edward W. Carter taking the lead, believe the governor will come around. Others, in the main, practicing Democrats on the board, reject this strategy. They see the regents taking a licking in every scrap and feel the necessity to fight.

Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, himself a regent, made it clear after the tuition fiasco he's more than a bit fed up with both Reagan and the regents.

Without saying so in so many words, Unruh indicated strongly he's finding it necessary to make the university a political battleground. He'll be the knight in shining Italian silk fighting the anti-UC governor who many believe still looks on Berkeley as a campaign issue.

Reagan says he believes voters support his tuition stand. Unruh says they don't, and is willing to find out who's correct.

The governor's performance at the UCLA tuition meeting was truly incredible. Before debate started, he decried an exclusive San Francisco Examiner news story indicating tuition would fail and the governor would go for a fee increase. This, Reagan said, would be hypocrisy and, besides, fees already were high (\$250 an academic year.)

DURING the morning session at UCLA, he pressed hard for tuition.

again insisting it would be "patently unfair" and "hypocrisy" to raise fees instead.

"The first thing that has to be decided is yea or nay on the principle of tuition," the governor declared. "If the vote is nay, I guess the meeting is adjourned."

Well, the vote was a decisive nay, but the meeting did not adjourn because the governor immediately moved for a "charge against the students, the specific uses to be determined by the regents."

After lunch, the governor proposed an increase of \$250; Regent Edwin W. Pauley, a conservative Democrat who suddenly developed a great fondness for minority groups, proposed a reduction to \$200. "Okay," said the governor.

Regent Frederick Dutton during the ensuing talkathon suggested an unspecified sum to be determined by a regents committee. Reagan assented. The money is to be used for "student aid, faculty enrichment and/or other uses." Watch those other uses!

IT appeared Reagan had the votes for \$200, but did not want to further annoy Mrs. Dorothy Chandler, whose Los Angeles Times came out

strongly against tuition and has been pointedly cool to the Republican presidential hopeful.

All the contradictions somehow got lost, leaving Reagan to declare at the final television news conference, "it just shows you shouldn't leave the stadium at half time."

After a performance like that, no wonder regents are fearful. That talk of one-year belt tightening may well be first half conversation.

On the public education front, the best advice is to watch Berkeley. Come early October, Supt. Neil V. Sullivan will have an administration plan for desegregating the city's elementary schools. There will be spirited discussion, refinements and board of education approval by early February.

By September, if plans hold true, Berkeley will be the first city in the nation to wipe out segregated schools. Along with this feat will come, because of careful planning, much educational improvement, new ideas, keeping up with the times.

While Berkeley moves, San Francisco will wrestle with its \$205,000 Stanford Research Institute report—and do nothing. The 12 proposals for limited integration will be pared to three or four, none of which will be acceptable to hardly anybody.

School officials already have indicated they have little faith that the SRI report will resolve any of The City's problems.

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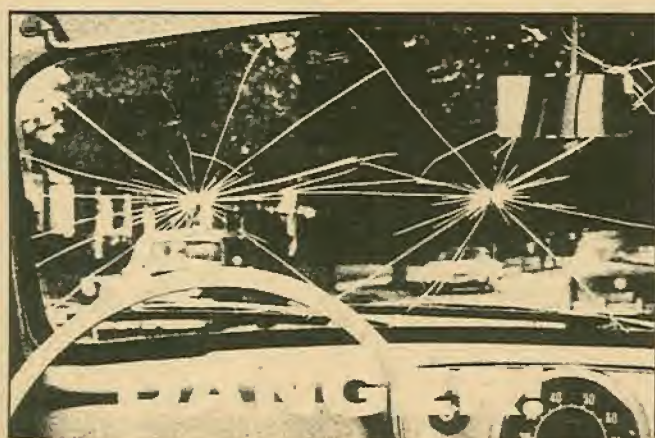
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Shelley's exit leaves a lot of questions

— continued from page 1

or, and that Shelley did indeed eke the city out of every tight spot (remember Hunters Point, September, 1966?), but nothing much ever jelled in his office. He was called a crisis mayor.

By far, the most compelling argument put forth by the Shelley-was-dumped-and-dumped-good forces is this:

Shelley's withdrawal took nearly all the wind from Dobbs' political sails.

Against an incumbent Shelley, Dobbs was running a campaign similar to Milton Marks' campaign in beating John Burton: Attack, attack, attack. Marks blamed Burton for crime, taxes and the contemporary state of affairs in urban America. Marks offered no new ideas, no new programs, merely accused Burton of everything that has displeased most people in past years.

Dobbs was starting to do the same to Shelley. The mayor would have been accused of being soft on crime, soft on hippies, soft on Negroes, soft on drugs, soft on pornography. It might have worked, but Shelley is now out of the race, and Dobbs can't blame these things on Alioto.

So score one for Alioto in Shelley's withdrawal, and score one for those who backed Gene McAteer until his candidacy (and his heart) died on an Olympic Club handball court. Most of them are Alioto supporters, and many of them had shifted to Shelley after McAteer's death.

(How odd the fortunes of life: there is little doubt today that the late state senator would have won an easy victory in the mayor's race, and possibly gone on to fill the yawning empty space in statewide Democratic affairs.)

Alioto, all innocence and aplomb, has insisted his two-hours-later announcement was mere coincidence. We'll probably never know the whole story. And isn't it too bad that totally candid political autobiographies are never published? Wouldn't you just love to find out what really happened, just once, just to satisfy your curiosity 47 years later?

Morrison, his hat in the ring and his head exposed to the sun, has called down a pox on both other houses (Dobbs and Alioto are both in the pocket of downtown interests, says he), and he has insisted he can win without the \$250,000-\$350,000 each of his opponents will spend. Well, David did beat Goliath, didn't he, and you can imagine what the Las Vegas book was on that one.

Now then, what about the Burtons? Yes, well . . . you see . . . this crystal ball grows cloudy. The Burtons in this race are like the mountain in Donovan's song: first there is a Burton, then there is no Burton, then there is . . .

Waiting for the Burtons, waiting for Godot: what's the difference? They entered the race on Morrison's side, but hesitantly because their own financial sources are on the shorts after John Burton's losing race and because Morrison has a better chance of losing than he does of winning.

Still, there is much to be said for having one's own man in office, even if such high honor could make one's man more powerful than oneself.

Wondrous days await us all.

Theater

By Margo Skinner

BY this time, the San Francisco Mime Troupe isn't news to anybody except your reviewer, who has just seen it for the first time. I'd like to repeat the experience soon, but, alas, the troupe is going on tour across country, where I hope its color and gusto are as much appreciated as in non-establishment circles.

(The establishment press took no note of the troupe's new anti-war material until it was too late in the summer to draw people.)

"L'Amant Militaire," set in an Italy invaded by Spain in "Operation Guinea Wrangle" to save it from itself, is played with great verve, low and high comedy, commedia dell'arte conventions and much sharp comment on war in general and Vietnam, the current white man's burden, in particular.

I liked the portable wooden stage with its gay banners and backdrops; the vivid costumes, described by the Chronicle's William Gikerson as "more or less 18th century" — I think less, about 1635, right out of "The Three Musketeers" — the skillfully done masks.

I LIKED the acting; in particular R.G. Davis (who also directs) as the Spanish General, speaking in the accents of LBJ;

Darryl Henriques as the lively Arlecchino, and most of all Sandra Archer, who played the servant Coralina like a wittier Sophia Loren.

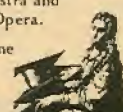
Funniest, most incongruous moments: Coralina leading the audience with cheerleader's pom poms in a chant of "Hell, no, we won't go"; Arlecchino, seemingly unconscious on stage after Coralina has been telling him of the horrors of war when he's been suckered into enlisting. As she leans, shocked, over his body, the bells of nearby St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral ad lib beautifully by tolling twice.

Part of the function of comedy has always been to criticize society: The Mime Troupe fulfills this function sometimes with violence, always with esprit.

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THE ECONOMICS OF HIPNESS --Part 2

By Creighton H. Churchill

Three years ago, the Haight-Ashbury district was a quiet lower middle class area verging on a Negro slum. Salted away amongst old ladies, drunks, retired plumbers, employed and unemployed Negroes were the Hip ones, the acid intellectuals who wanted low rents and a flat near Golden Gate Park. Streets were clean, the people friendly and busy doing their thing.

Came the publicity, the discovery, the adulation of the media-mindless, and the Haight changed, gradually evolving into a psychedelic "barreio" of high economic profit, strung-out beggars, soaring V.D., and leering herds of tourists. Small shops operated by heads suddenly began selling more to out-of-area-people than to old customers. Balance sheets bulged with profits and the merchants quickly faced a choice. Formerly devotees of the laudable philosophy of the early Haight, which declared "I just need a little to get by on and I'll give the rest to those more needy than I", the hip merchants found that selflessness works much better when one has little with which to be selfless.

THERE were only two ways to go. Either you became a merchant for real and made money or you went the route of the Psychedelic Shop and shunned material success for the philosophic and spiritual.

Grandfather of the "tripatoriums" on the Haight, the Psychedelic Shop was originally a money making institution that metamorphosed into a neighborhood financing-angel co-op. It conducts Hare Krishna spiritual services in its meditation room and sells trip goods only to pay off debts and keep the doors open.

Middle routes between these two extremes were explored by the new generation merchants, garnering blasts in the Berkeley Barb and oral scaldings by the Diggers for "exploitation of their brothers for profit." Yet economics won out over philosophies, and the current Haight is a high profit street exploiting both tourist and native.

NEW shops selling anything vaguely psychedelic, from "Love Burgers" to cheap jewelry and beads, have opened in the last six months, and older merchants, like the Blushing Peony and Skinnydipping have expanded to larger quarters.

Not everybody burns you on Haight, but it takes time and comparison shopping to weed them out, a very un-tourist thing. Older merchants in H.I.P. (Haight Independent Proprietors) are concerned and return some profits to help support activities like the Diggers, the Job Co-op and community improvement projects. Still, the new "economic" Haight leaves a bad taste in a visitor's mouth, like a Coney Island or a cheap and rigged county fair.

SEVERAL months ago, when faced with the supposed "summer invasion" of young teenyboppers, the Diggers Anonymous Society, spiritual and material "Salvation Army" of the Hip, underwent what seemed like nothing more than a stock proxy fight over the future of the group.

The problem seemed to concern success and goals ("seemed," since anybody can be a Digger and all Diggers are, in public statements, termed the Anonymous Digger. Getting exact policy positions was like trying to find out what's going on in Vietnam.

Should the Diggers become tightly organized or should they retain their status as a continuous organizational "Happening?" Should they become activists like civil rights workers to protect and help the Hippies, or should they just passively provide food and a "free store"?



In the end, the organizational Diggers won out, and more passive members split for elsewhere.

THE invisible hand of the market is pushing the Hip toward adopting modern business efficiency. Two Steps Up, a head shop in Berkeley, is instituting the National Cash Register system of computer accounting while other bastions of Hip, like the Jabberwock, Berkeley's performing art's nightclub, have gone under.

The Jabberwock, an old Jazz club turned beer & coffee house, presented singers and small bands for listening, and fell victim to the many new beer-wine and lightshow clubs like the Steppenwolf, Zodiac and Mandrake's. Conditioned by the Fillmore success, patrons wanted to dance in psychedelic-joy atmospheres not sit and listen.

THE Steppenwolf, formerly owned by Max Scheer, now editor of the Berkeley Barb, the area's most successful underground newspaper, used to be a small beer bar where you could play chess and talk with friends. Through several expansions and ownership changes, the Stepp became a large club presenting light shows and dance rock bands for hundreds of customers who pay a door charge to enter.

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Its success inspired many others to pay \$300 for a beer-wine license and spend the \$3,000 more to outfit and open a small club. Berkeley's San Pablo Ave. is turning into a North Beach East, happily sans topless.

The breadth of Hip merchandising is awe-inspiring. On the production end, there are hundreds of local artist and individual craftsmen turning out goods to be sold on commission. Wild Colors, one of the best local craft showcases, takes goods from 300 Bay Area artists and sells them at the artist's stipulated price for a 30% commission. The Yarmo in Berkeley and the Blushing Peony in Haight stock dresses and trip clothes made by local designer-courtier organizations.

The NEW Haight Street --a country fair hungry for profits

OTHER shops, like Two Steps Up, India Imports and the now defunct Electric Tibet in Berkeley or the Phoenix and House of Richard in the Haight, stock imported goods with a light sprinkling of local work.

Says Bob Stricklin, a California graduate of business administration and owner of Two Steps Up, "Most local artists have no conception of correct pricing and their wares, although well made, can't compete with imports from Hong Kong or elsewhere on the open market."

Thus the Hip, much like the lumberyard in Le Mars, Iowa, has to protect his margin by buying low and selling for what the trade will shoulder.

Hip patrons, at least in the Haight, aren't usually straight tourists. Outside of posters and underground papers, there really isn't much typical tourists will buy, according to Peter Krug of Wild Colors and Greg of House of Richard.

Their main customers are Hips with money, academic types, and, oddly enough, civil servants in all categories.

SINCE there are less than a dozen major import suppliers and all poster and incense wholesalers are shared by all the shops, variations in prices are a matter of individual mark-ups.

As a rule the Hip trade does not, shop around, so variations of 20 cents on a less than a \$1 item in two shops within two block of each other in Berkeley is common. This uncritical shopper quality tends to prolong the life of smaller, completely uneconomic shops, but only briefly.

The Squirkenworks, a manufacturer of roach clips, grass pipes and other esoteric paraphernalia of the "head" trade, is a good example of the new producers of the Hip. Run by businessman-artist Rick Street and sculptor Gerry Bennet, the S-works lives in a large metal-sculptor's paradise of a studio on the Oakland waterfront.

The owners hand produce most of the well-made, all metal, jewelry-like pipes and cigarette clips at prices ranging from \$1 to \$15.00. They are mostly a wholesale operation, using Hip retailers as outlets on commission. In several months of mass operation, their orders have increased many hundred-fold. A \$600 morning is not unusual. You get the feeling of being on the ground floor of a boom, much as in the early days of Zeros.

AMONG Hip proprietors and entrepreneurs, there is great hostility in talking about the money in their operations, especially with media people. This is understandable in view of Hip philosophy, which frowns on large profits, and the continuing legal battles most Hip enterprises fight with the Establishment.

Authorities, in this case, are various license bureaus, the tax men, the wage-hour inspectors, the social security office and the police. To get started, or to stay in operation, most Hip retail shops and enterprises violate strictures placed on them by city, state, and federal marketing and control acts. Transactions are by cash and most accounting systems are primitive or non-existent. Thus, the reluctance to talk.

HIPNESS changes with the same speed that first brought economic success to the merchant Hip. The Haight is becoming a Greenwich Village as landlords renovate buildings and charge higher rents.

The plastic Hip roams the streets and the semi-straight or weekend Hip with a job now lives in new more expensive apartments.

The Drugstore Cafe, center of the Haight world, found that the "old" Hips would sit for hours over a single cup of coffee, producing a low revenue turnover. So the Cafe instituted a door charge on busy nights to insure entrance only of revenue-producing patrons. Now, even with this surtax it needs a guard at the door to keep fire laws from being violated.

THERE are unique differences in Hipness that will prevent it from being a fad like Hula-hoops. The first is open, universal use of dope, the local term for "soft," non-addictive psychedelics like

marijuana (grass, pot), DMT and Acid (LSD). All have reached well into the middle class and are rather respectable.

Hip shops are to dope what bars are to alcohol, and there are a lot of bars in San Francisco. The economics of dope are staggering. Literally hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash change hands each week in the Haight — a phenomenon reminiscent of Prohibition in San Francisco.

Major large manufacturers and importers of dope, mostly acid, are professional, contrary to popular belief, and well organized. But, since psychedelics are ridiculously simple to make in a basement with a chemistry set, or grow or import from Mexico, almost anybody can, and often does, get into what amounts to universal violation of unenforceable laws.

Second, there is the Hip philosophy and its search for a life-model that can cope with the crushing problems and floating anxieties of the present world. From communal, tribal living to a return to simpler, smaller economic forms and to the farm.

Hipness will spread out its search for a way to stay sane and good in a hostile environment.

The last major difference is talent. The Old Haight had probably the greatest collection of well educated, artistically talented people in the West. This is shown by the sophisticated products of groups like the Grateful Dead or artists like Wes Wilson and Mouse, and amply demonstrated at the "Joint Show" of non-poster art of the five major Hip poster artists at the Moore Gallery — the most important gallery opening in years. San Francisco had given rebirth to a style now bought and recognized world-wide as Fillmore psychedelic.

Change, evolution, revolution, all are keystones of the Hipness, and its practitioners universally acknowledge the rapidly changing modes and fashions of their



trade. But, there is also the feeling that money is to be made and success is in view, as long as one can stay on top of the breaking action. Filled with this spirit, a local poster man had a Rudi-Margot poster on the presses the morning after the "Ballet Bust."

As in all easy entry, quick growth fields, the Hip will experience a shake-out of the badly located, uneconomic small shops and dance halls. Since Hipness is just several years old, small shops still have some margin left, but it is diminishing.

The Haight itself will eventually go "Village" or upper North Beach, but the larger shops will survive and prosper, whether selling dope pipes or posters, dresses or beads. And the Bay Area will be, in spite of itself, "where it's happening" for a long time to come.

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Vice is a medical problem, says Dr. Fort

by Dr. Joel Fort

(Dr. Fort is a public health specialist and sociologist-criminologist; creator and former Director of the Center for Special Problems in San Francisco; author, lecturer and social critic.)

San Francisco is now in the midst of periodic pre-election "clean-ups" of prostitution so dear to the hearts of police and politicians in large cities.

Like drug use (other than alcohol and tobacco), prostitution and homosexuality serve as smoke screens for politicians and the mass media.

As with other real or announced social problems, if one cares to understand what's happening, it is first necessary to define what a prostitute is and the context in which prostitution takes place.

Prostitution is a phenomenon encompassing male and female; homosexual and heterosexual, offering of the body for sexual purposes; full-time "lower-class" streetwalkers and "upper class" call girls, part-time housewives and students; amateurs, semi-professionals and professionals; and a continuum with promiscuity and with living together without love (marriages for money and status, mistressing for room and board, etc.).

EXTENSIVE (hypocritical) use is made of female heterosexual prostitutes by tourists, businessmen and politicians for their personal pleasure and to grease deals. Johns (clients) are mostly married men, perhaps inherently polygamous, who seek out girls "in the life" to relieve sexual tension, find variety, inability to find ordinary sexual partners, fulfill taboo desires such as fellation, avoid expenses or obligations (possible pregnancy) involved in conventional dating and looking for relaxation or excitement.

So the blond-wigged, expensively

dressed, mini-skirted, big-breasted, wide-hipped, 25-year-old Negro girl walking the streets of the Tenderloin, Fillmore or North Beach may be temporarily warred upon (as are hippies, drug users and other minorities), but she and her sisters will continue to ply their trade.

The revolving doors of jail may shift the visible part of the iceberg of prostitution to cars or phones or other neighborhoods. But as long as customers crave their bodies, girls (often school drop-outs untrained for ordinary occupations and certainly unable to make comparable incomes) will use their bodies to achieve status and the good things of life they have been taught to want. Especially hypocritical is the failure to prosecute their customers under fornication or adultery statutes.

WITH increased pre-marital intercourse, the use of female prostitutes by males has decreased and we can expect, as extra-marital intercourse increases, the prostitute will have even more competition. Concurrently with the affluent society, call girls have largely displaced the whorehouse resident and the street walker, thus decreasing the prostitute's visibility.

Only the lower socio-economic strata girls, more visible and less discreet, perhaps less generous with ice (protection money) or bodily favors, are brought into court—sometimes after framing, entrapment or extensive voyeurism. Stiffer laws and sentences would affect only a few, turn them more strongly in an antisocial direction and, worst of all, lead the public to believe that the problem was solved.

It is appropriate to quote a famous police chief, Vollmer, "Prostitution, like drug addiction, like liquor, is not a police

problem, it never has been and never can be solved by policemen. It is, first and last, a medical problem." To ignore this critical point is to further corrupt society and to divert limited police resources from the burgeoning total of murders, rapes and thefts.

RELATED problems, such as tie-ins with organized crime, thefts, muggings of customers and beatings of girls by their pimps require specific police attention. There is some evidence that, as prostitution is suppressed, major sex crimes increase. Other problems such as drug abuse (mainly alcohol), syphilis and gonorrhea (both more associated with promiscuity than with prostitution) require much more attention by San Francisco's leaderless Health Department.

The tremendous overemphasis on sex by business and advertising, the growing amorality and hedonism of our society suggests that our main emphasis must be, not police action, but the improvement of society and its sexual attitudes.

As the great American sexologist, Benjamin, has suggested, it should be a woman's own business if she wants to sell it or give it away. Either homosexual or heterosexual relations between consenting adults, in private, should also be their own business.

AS WE attack the roots: poverty, racial discrimination and our obsession with sex, we must simultaneously provide education on sex and venereal disease, maximize the availability of condoms and penicillin and provide special rehabilitation programs for prostitutes as do San Francisco's Center for Special Problems and its Jail Branch.

Registration and periodic inspection of prostitutes, as a system of control, would be ineffective since most whores are hidden from view or would refuse to register. Those who do often contract venereal disease between inspections.

Corrosion of the character and spirit of the girls, their clients and the enforcers is a significant social problem. Although society may not agree on his concept of virtue, we might say with Shaw, "any vice that cannot be suppressed should be made a virtue."

efficiency and economy in government will make its full report. Early indications are that, while the group's aims may be honorable, its results will stir a storm of anger among state employees. The Guardian has learned.

ONE task force member says some jobs will be eliminated. Others deny this will happen. Reagan says the task force's purpose is to improve government operations, even if this means spending more money. But one Republican legislator says the whole effort is more show than substance.

From the evidence so far, that lawmaker may be right. I was able to put together a composite of the task force's operations from several state offices; employees' reports, however, may be tempered by their determination to keep their jobs. Nevertheless, there are cracks in the team's

technical fields found suggestions were made about their jobs that couldn't be carried out. The adviser didn't know what he was talking about because he hadn't questioned the person who was doing the work.

ONE complaint from the employees whose jobs are being analyzed is that there is little or no chance to respond. The task force's recommendations will go to the governor, who then will make any decisions by orders to department or agency heads.

But if an employee disagrees with a recommendation—or if he wants to fight for his job—he can do little by traveling up the chain of command through his supervisors.

Some workers realize that the only time to take action is now, before the ax falls. In at least one case, the fight was worth it and a department with statewide responsibilities was saved from extinction. How this was done and what pressures were used may never be known.

THE task force has been working since last winter under a cloak of secrecy and pompous expectation. Californians deserve a sincere effort to find out just where some of the grinding wheels of bureaucracy are carrying the state.

For example, what about reducing paperwork?

Perhaps some civil service jobs are unnecessary, and can be eliminated in a gradual process equitable to veteran workers.

The task force may have intelligent answers. But the evidence of their operations so far shows an urgency to suggest without a willingness to learn. Task force members are helping Reagan achieve a campaign promise. And, in turn, the governor is giving prestige to them and their employers. They may not deserve it.

D A T E L I N E S A C R A M E N T O

glossy efficiency:

First, the task force carries the Republican administration's assumption that, if a business is successful, its operations can easily be applied to government. So businessmen did most of the task force work, even in education. "Business executives also worked in technical departments. Often, they studied a department office without talking to people who did the work.

The modus operandi was "scientific" observation without detailed questioning. Some employees in

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

The Guardian has commented in prior issues on the odd case of Atty. Gen. Thomas Lynch, the lone Democrat in a sea of Reagans. Why, we wondered, has he maintained such a discreet silence, quite unlike what one might expect from a political office holder in his position?

Not one word from Lynch on tuition, Medi-Cal cutbacks or the hundred and one other bits of Reagan business which cut sharply into the philosophy and work of the Brown administration, in which Lynch played a major role.

Well, a glimmer of an answer to our question appeared in Sacramento as the 1967 Legislature packed its bags and prepared to head home.

According to the capital's well-oiled rumor mill, Democrat Lynch is first in line for an appointment to the State Supreme Court when the next vacancy appears. Republican Reagan gets to name a new member. It is well known here and in Sacramento that the attorney general has had his heart set for years on such a life-time appointment.

The rumor goes further. It says that State Sen. C. George Deukmejian (R-Long Beach) will succeed Lynch—if this plan goes through.

One of the million candidates for the San Francisco Board of Supervisors is John Abraham, who has lost before but is no quitter. John has plenty of posters through town, bearing the slogan: "USA Young Man of the Year." What they don't say is that USA in this case means United Syrians of America.

A blind item two weeks ago in Jack Rosenbaum's Examiner column said merely that one incumbent member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors would not run for re-election.

Who? Not, it seemed likely, Leo McCarthy, Terry Francois, Kevin O'Shea, John Ertola or Joe Beeman. No, said those in the know, it would be Joe Casey.

The oldest member of the board, he is frequently listed as ill and unable to attend meetings. He has been a supervisor for many years, and has had a constructive voting record.

Knowledgeable people said Casey would actually resign (for reasons of ill health, a common phrase in City Hall these days), and that Mayor Shelley would appoint a young man on the make to serve out his brief unexpired term. The young man could then run for re-election this year, with the charmed word "incumbent" after his name. It was rumored the young man would be either Bob Mendelsohn, Ron Pelosi or Bill Newsom—probably Mendelsohn.

But Shelley was suddenly taken ill, the deal (if any) suddenly fell through and Casey quietly filed for re-election.

Reports of the State Senate's Un-American Activities Committee used to be maddening, libelous and insulting. Its 1967 report was pretty tame stuff by comparison.

Its blandness, despite the usual attempts at guilt by association, stirs one question: Who gets the benefit. The answer: Virgil Coombs, the Visalia lawyer who gets \$16,000 a year to prepare the 150 page report.

His footnotes and dates might give evidence of some research. But most of this fine print could be gleaned from a week's look through daily newspapers. There is little attempt at accuracy. Par exempli: The report refers to Marshall Axelrod as president of the California Teachers Association. Axelrod is head of the AFL-CIO state teachers federation—a fine point for the general public but a big difference among teachers.

Considering his work on the basis of quality, bulk or readability, Coombs is running the state's most successful swindle.

One news account identified Charles Black, Shirley Temple's husband, as a "electronics executive." Another said he was "free" to follow Shirley to Washington. Which?

The "electronics" title refers to a public relations post at Ampex, which he hasn't held for years. He is "free" because he was, in April, fired/quit, depending on how you read the testimony, from his last position with Pacific Mariculture, a Pescadero oyster and abalone hatchery. He has been agitating against his former associates with actions before the California Corporations Commission.

Donovan Bess's excellent piece on Ken Kesey in the Sept. 18 San Francisco Chronicle didn't mention an interesting sidelight on Kesey's prison troubles in San Mateo County. John Viotor, publisher of San Francisco magazine, has offered a 9 to 5 job to Kesey to write for the magazine, but county authorities at presstime hadn't gone for it.

Whatever happened to Anguilla?

Since The Guardian published the story of how Scott Newhall, swashbuckling Chronicle executive editor, was minting silver dollars for the revolutionary Anguillian regime, and his newspaper was saying nothing about it, the Chronicle abruptly stopped publishing its lengthy dispatches on the Caribbean revolution. For months, Anguilla had been the paper's major running feature story. Bulletins from the Anguillian front have since been hard to come by. The guardian itself didn't know how quickly the story was jerked into the shades until it tried to track down the whereabouts of the many Anguillian flags—topless mermaids, designed specially for Newhall, that once flew proudly from, among other places, a spiffy black limousine (bringing the Anguillian president from the airport to San Francisco), the St. Francis Hotel (where the president was quartered) and the firehouse abode of the Freeman-Gossage advertising agency, 451 Pacific Ave., San Francisco (The bags of freshly minted coins, ferried almost daily to Newhall's desk at the Chronicle, also bore the flag design.)

Everybody, it turned out, either didn't know where the flags were or clammed up when pressed for details. The murky trail led from the Chronicle promotion department, to the St. Francis's publicity office, to a lettering firm, to a flag-making firm, to a silk-screen firm, to Freeman-Gossage.

The place to find an Anguillian flag, said Mr. Freeman tartly, is in Anguilla. That's where The Guardian should go.

Neatly put, Mr. Freeman. But wasn't it your firm that arranged the St. Francis reception for Anguilla's president (with a fake name on a blind telegram invitation, with RSVP at the Freeman-Gossage telephone number of 981-0800); sent Adman Gossage to Anguilla to help design the republic's economy; worked with Newhall and G. M. Feigen, Ramparts travel editor, on swash-the-buckle projects, and placed an SOS ad in the New York Times for Anguilla?

That, to be specific, sent an office girl to find mermaid pictures for the flag, then put the flag fluttering atop your office and in the Times ad? Surely, there's a flag around somewhere.

Ah, well. Where it all will end, knows only God, Newhall, Freeman, Feigen and Gossage.

— John Morgan

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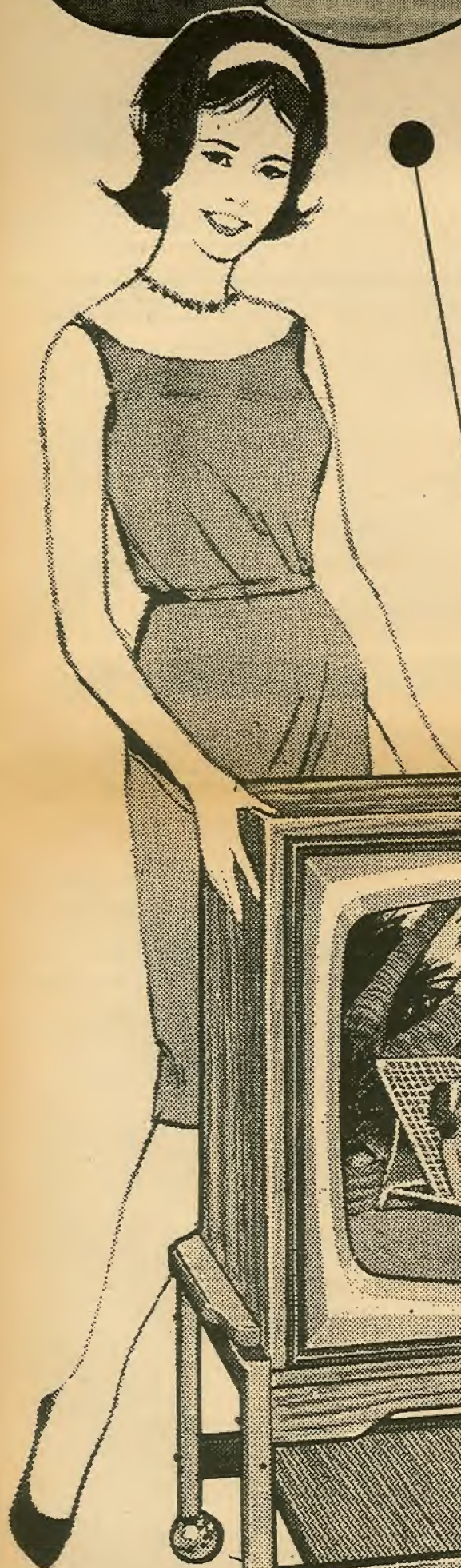
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Young Bros.

Examiner/Chronicle owe Wolden taxes

By Bruce B. Brugmann
Copyright 1967, The Bay Guardian Co

SAN FRANCISCO — Like everybody else, The San Francisco Examiner and the San Francisco Chronicle don't like to pay taxes.

Like everybody else, they don't like to say much when they get out of paying their fair share of taxes.

This bit of homey wisdom can be drawn, without the help of either the Examiner's George Murphy or the Chronicle's Mike Harris, from a little known audit in city hall showing that both newspapers have neglected to inform their reading public of a crucial fact in their extensive coverage of the Russell Wolden assessment scandal: that they, just like hundreds of other San Francisco business firms, were prime beneficiaries of Wolden's regime. Neither paper has identified the 148 firms in the grand jury testimony. Both newspapers substantially under-reported their assets, in 1964 and 1965 and thereby escaped paying some \$250,000 in personal property taxes for these two years alone, an audit by the new assessor, Joseph Tinney, discloses.

IT would be difficult for the Examiner and the Chronicle to show, projecting Tinney's findings of unfairly low assessments back through Wolden's long regime, that they hadn't escaped taxes amounting to hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars, through the years. Only a handful of the 900 or so firms under investigation had larger tax escapements.

Wolden told The Guardian that he had used the same assessment ratio on the newspapers throughout his term — "I always treated them all the same way" — that he had used on them in 1964-65. Tinney's court-ordered audit to collect unpaid taxes went back only to 1963.

Wolden, now in a luxury office suite atop Nob Hill, expressed amazement in a telephone interview that Tinney's audit produced a total of some \$250,000 in unpaid taxes for



Robert Osborn, in a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions' publication.

the Examiner/Chronicle in only two years.

"I'm surprised it would be that much," he said. "It's hard to believe." Wolden is out on bond pending the appeal of his bribery conviction.

DESPITE the huge chunk of taxes Tinney says the papers should have paid, but didn't, Wolden said they "weren't too happy" with his assessments and that he had "a real round robin" with them that resulted one year in three lively meetings in less than two months.

Wolden said he used a 25 per cent assessment ratio, but added that he took into consideration the papers' complaints that they all were losing money. He didn't make clear, despite persistent questioning on this point, just how much or what way these complaints moved him.

The papers also wanted a lower

formula on assessing newsprint — Wolden's standard was the reasonable amount of newsprint 10 days of regular publishing would consume, the papers argued for computations based on two days, he said.

DID the Examiner and Chronicle offer to help Wolden in return for lower assessments? Wolden chuckled, then said no. He admitted they were kind to him during his reelection campaigns, but he heatedly emphasized that they pounced on him when he ran for mayor and skinned him alive before he was formally charged with bribery.

"I never saw such a campaign and I don't think anybody else did either," he said. "They were trying me before I went to court" — a point his attorney, James Martin MacInnis, is emphasizing in Wolden's appellate brief.

The Chronicle and Puck the Comic

Here's the precise escapement breakdown, based on Assessor Joseph Tinney's audit:
The Chronicle

	1964	1965
ASSESSOR'S ASSESSED VALUE (25 percent of fair market value)	\$1,379,516	\$1,490,554
OWNER'S OPINION OF FULL CASH VALUE	\$741,024	\$729,436
ESCAPED ASSESSMENT	\$638,492	\$760,968
TAXES OWED (based on the 1966 tax rate of \$10.16)	\$64,921.86	\$77,297.08
Total taxes owed: \$142,297.08		
SETTLEMENT FOR BOTH YEARS (two thirds of the total amount of back taxes)	\$84,368.22 (paid on Sept. 1)	

Puck the Comic Weekly
(A Hearst corporation, with property at 155 Townsend St.)

	1964	1965
ASSESSOR'S ASSESSED VALUE	\$315,829	\$270,228
OWNER'S OPINION OF FULL CASH VALUE	\$631,658	\$540,456
TAXES OWED	\$7,831.08	\$3,857.73
Total taxes owed: \$11,688.81		
SETTLEMENT FOR BOTH YEARS	\$6,863.20 (paid on Sept. 1)	

The Examiner

Because the Examiner at presstime hadn't asked the Board of Equalization for a tax reduction, or settled its case, only its unpaid tax totals were publicly available. For 1964: \$54,969.22 in unpaid taxes; for 1965: \$43,875.12. Indications are it will have a 1966 refund coming of \$31,717.75, according to Deputy City Attorney George Baglin.

Weekly both protested Tinney's audit on the basis that each had reported its costs accurately and each had been illegally assessed at a ratio of 50 per cent of the full cash value of its property rather than the ratio of assessed value to full cash value of all the city's taxable property.

But both settled on Aug. 30 and paid their taxes on Sept. 1.

Charles Gould, Examiner publisher, told the Guardian that the Examiner would probably settle its case anyway. How did the Examiner and the Chronicle manage to get such low assessments?

Gould countered with a question? "You're a publisher," he said. "How would you like \$15,000 of worthless presses?" The Examiner's objections, he

said, were largely based on the assessing of much old equipment sitting idle in two Hearst-owned buildings.

WHY didn't the Examiner publish the story that it had to cough up unpaid taxes from the Wolden scandal?

It did, replied Gould, surprised. He had personally instructed his editors to run the story and the Examiner's name had appeared with others in a roundup story of some kind. Check with Mr. Dooley, my managing editor.

Gould transferred the call to Dooley, but Dooley wasn't at his desk. However, a man in the library, who declined to identify himself, checked the Examiner/Chronicle files for the past year. He couldn't find the story.

A Wolden grand jury list

This is the list of a majority of firms, never before published, that retained tax consultants to help lower their assessments during Wolden's regime. All were mentioned in the grand jury transcript. More names and further details will be published in the next issue.

The "e" refers to escapements, the "p" to penalty payments. Firms with a checkmark paid under protest.

NAME	ADDRESS	ESCAPED ASSESSMENTS
✓S.H. Kress	939 Market	85,157 p(64) 78,522 p(65)
✓S.H. Kress	2714 Mission	30,664 p(64) 33,814 p(65)
Luxor Electrolite	607 Mission	50 e(66)
Eastman Kodak Inc.	2136 Palou	41,982 e(64) 57,851 e(65)
		12,050 e(66)
Eastman Kodak Co.	3250 Van Ness & 350 Mission	56,244 e(65) 134,275e(64)
		84,108 e(66)
✓Hotel Jack Tar & Jack Tar Building	1101 Van Ness	235,761 e(64) 23,576 p(64)
Sperry & Hutchinson	1446 Market	258,186 e(65) 25,818 p(65)
		2,018 e(64) 201 p(64)
		4830 e(65) 483 p(65)
		800 e(66) 80 p(66)
✓Sperry Gyroscope Co.	715 Folsom	1,095 p(64) 10,953 e(64)
		13,202 e(65)
✓H.K. Porter Co., Inc., Disston Div.	550 Beale	12,341 e(64) 1,234 p(64)
✓Pratt & Lambert Inc.	295 Kansas	13,034 e(65) 1,303 p(65)
		22,112 e(65) 2,211 p(65)
		14,175 e(64) 1,417 p(64)
✓Florsheim Shoe Co.	299 Post	11,431 e(64) 1,143 p(64)
		11,522 e(65) 1,152 p(65)
		1,782 e(66) 178 p(66)
Honeywell Inc., Minneapolis Honeywell	235 Montgomery	218,221e(64) 193,585e(65)
United States Plywood Corp.	100 Paul	74,385 e(64) 59,653 e(65)
Golden State Steel Corp.	295 Bay	32,750 e(64) 3,275 p(64)
Cleveland Twist & Drill Co.	P.O. Box 6656, Cleveland, Ohio	4,127 p(64) 3,908 p(65)
✓Juillard Alpha Liquor Co., Juillard Inc.	840 Tennessee	40,630 e(64) 38,354 e(65)
		373,636 e(64) 37,363 p(64)
		400,732 e(65) 40,073 p(65)
		106,250 e(66) 10,625 p(66)
✓Hotel Fairmont	950 Mason	289,048e(64) 305,945e(65)
John Sexton & Co.	2150 Army	31,468 e(64) 3,147 p(64)
		42,278 e(65) 4,228 p(65)
		209 e(66) 20 p(66)
Armour & Co.	370 Townsend	353 p(66) 3,532 e(66)
		8,298 p(65) 82,988 e(65)
		8,704 p(64) 87,041 e(64)
Safeway Stores Inc., (Supply Division & Offices)	785 Market	16,357 e(64) 1,635 p(64)
		26,312 e(65) 2,631 p(65)
		19,686 e(66) 1,968 p(66)
Safeway Stores Inc., (Brookside Division Coffee)	1501 Mariposa	260,717 e(64) 26,071 p(64)
		180,048 e(65) 18,004 p(65)
		99,786 e(66) 9,978 p(66)
Safeway Stores Inc., (Retail Division)	1950 Army	424,175 e(64) 42,417 p(64)
		491,361 e(65) 49,136 p(65)
		102,322 e(66) 10,232 p(66)
✓Lucky Stores Inc.	100 Lakeshore Plaza & 1201 Gough	21,946 e(64) 23,871 e(65)
		10,451 e(66)
✓Hotel Mark Hopkins (The Gene Autry Hotel Co.)	637 Market	78,433 e(65) 61,993 e(64)
✓Hotel Sheraton Palace	637 Market	122,641e(64) 158,324e(65)
✓Hotel St. Francis	335 Powell	15,832 p(65)
Western Intl Hotels		345,568 e(64)
		351,049 e(65) 32,129 e(66)
✓British Motor Car Dists. Ltd.	1200 Van Ness	46,386 e(64) 84,828 e(65)
		82,485 e(66)
C.H. Masland & Sons	1355 Market	490 e(64) 435 e(65)
S C M Corp	2301 Market	35,999 e(64) 3,599 p(64)
		56,953 e(65) 5,695 p(65)
		118,757 e(66) 11,875 p(66)
Victor Comptometer Corp.	870 Market	18,363 e(64) 1,836 p(64)
		42,669 e(65) 4,267 p(65)
		3,005 e(66) 300 p(66)
✓Milens of San Francisco		28,032 e(62) 25,960 e(63)
Shane Milenbach et al	831 Market	54,854 e(64) 69,338 e(65)
✓Pacific Metals Co.		591,641 e(64) 59,164 p(64)
		515,732 e(65) 51,573 p(65)
✓Phillips & Van Orden Co.	1900 3rd St. 101 & 105 Berry	555,955 e(64) 55,691 p(64)
		501,333 e(65) 50,192 p(65)
		140,156 e(66) 14,117 p(66)
✓Weinstein Co. Inc.	1041 Market	460,534e(64) 425,423e(65)
✓White Candy Co. Inc.	2201 3rd St.	20,683 e(64) 25,885 e(65)
✓Superior Marking Equipment Co.	533 Mission	8,763 p(64) 9,135 p(65)
✓Redlick Newman Co.	2101 Mission	88,667 e(64) 8,892 p(64)
		97,028 e(65) 9,815 p(65)
		32,977 e(66)

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Who dunnit to Rexroth at the Examiner?

By John Morgan

"The journalists are just swine in this city."

The remark of outrage comes from Kenneth Rexroth, poet, critic, professor, journalist and, until recently, the most civilized and literate voice on the editorial page of the San Francisco Examiner.

A few weeks ago, Rexroth and the Examiner parted company with what the Chronicle's Herb Caen judiciously termed "hard feelings." This is what brings out the expletives in Rexroth: that neither Caen nor any of Rexroth's other Chronicle friends checked out the rumor that he was pressured from his eight year old Examiner post by Police Chief Thomas Cahill.

"People told me about the rumor, then backed away,"

he said. "The Chronicle was terrified."

The story was, Rexroth said, that Cahill didn't like a Rexroth piece in Playboy, on the dark side of police work, and had gone to The Examiner, allegro furioso. Rexroth was fired, a few days after returning from a round the world trip, at something billed as a luncheon with the Examiner publisher. The paper got the word "from Washington" that Hearst couldn't renew his contract because it no longer was committing itself to long term contracts.

Rexroth was out, with a month or so of unpublished back columns. They will be run in compilation in the October San Francisco magazine, then Rexroth will buckle down to regular pieces for the magazine.

Shortly after the luncheon,

Rexroth was called by a New Orleans talk show drumming up a program for a police convention in the delta. The announcer told Rexroth he would try to get some San Francisco police officials to appear with Rexroth. He called Rexroth back. "Man, they sure don't like you, They won't go on with you."

Asked about the rumor, Ed Dooley, Examiner managing editor, told The Guardian: "That's a lot of crap." Rexroth, he said, was fired because he was only writing travel pieces. "I said to him, Ken, we want you back here to talk about the city."

Cahill couldn't be reached for comment. Said an officer in the chief's office: "Well, for Pete's sakes. The chief doesn't have anything to say about the hiring or firing on the city's papers."

A scramble for bodies

— Continued from page 1

sensitive," an Army spokesman named Al Roman, in San Francisco, told me nervously. "The Defense Department does not encourage in-

depth reporting on this."

At least half a dozen other Army and Navy spokesmen declined to discuss the body business on grounds of extreme sensitivity. The buck-passing made my head spin.

Nonetheless, without the cooperation of the Armed Services, The Guardian was able to examine extensively some of the bizarre practices by local morticians in obtaining government contracts and performing specified work.

Since the U.S. got involved in the war in 1961, all casualties have been shipped back to this country via Travis Air Force base and, since July 1, 1966, Dover Air Force Base in Delaware.

The bodies are shipped stateside by Military Air Transport. Each is covered by a so-called human remains pouch. In San Francisco and later at Dover, bodies have been delivered to local undertakers with government contracts for handling.

The job is fairly simple: applying cosmetics, dressing the body in a uniform, placing it in a casket and shipping the casket off to the hometown in a protective wooden box.

ONE OF the more successful contractors in this business was, until recently, Stuart Comer, who, with his wife, Jean, a brisk, 30-year-old mother of three, operates the California Funeral Service, 766 Valencia St., in the Mission district in San Francisco. Mrs. Comer is a charming, engaging woman with a law school background and a cool business head.

When they arrived here in October, 1964, from Pueblo, Col. where his family runs a mortuary business, "we began looking for any kind of thing that would help cover the overhead," she explained to me.

It's not always easy for a young couple to get started in business, but luckily the government advertised for bids to handle Vietnam casualties in May, 1965, and Comer and his pretty wife were right in there pitching. It was a snap.

Comer's successful bid for handling an estimated 750 Navy personnel was for \$202,540. This comes out to something like \$179 per case. Since the mortuary contractor was paid on a piece work basis, it meant, of course, that the Comers would get paid more if the government estimate should turn out to be conservative (as, indeed, it was.)

During these early days, Mrs. Comer estimated the per-case profit to their establishment at \$11 per case. Not much perhaps, in terms of the average private funeral, but then this was volume business.

All in all, it was a good start and the Comers' government work was unmarred by failure until they lost the work on July 1. Mrs. Comer was distressed at all the killing of young American men in Vietnam, but somebody had to do the funeral work.

OTHER than that, the only jarring note was the war protest picketing of the Comer establishment for a few days by Jessica Mitford, author

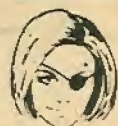
of "The American Way of Dying," and a few others. It brought unpleasant publicity, but this soon subsided and the Comers peacefully went about their business with the government.

Actually, Comer and his wife were not low bidders. Their bid was \$3,500 higher than that of Theorius W. Pannell, a Negro undertaker at 2917 24th St. who was forthwith disqualified for being "non-responsible." Even so, the contract was about to go to Nicholas Daphne, who had had both Navy and Army contracts for a good many years and who, incidentally, prides himself of the prominent mention he received in Miss Mitford's book.

When Mrs. Comer discovered the work was about to be awarded to No. 3 Bidder (Mr. Daphne) she got good and mad and rushed down to the Small Business Administration to get herself a "Certificate of Competency" (Pannell had been denied one) certifying that her firm was qualified to handle bodies on mass scale. That got the Comers the Navy contract. — Continued on page 11

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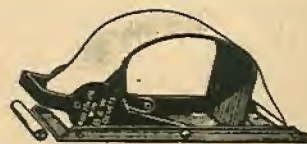
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BG

It is difficult, even for gallantry's sake, to keep from characterizing as ludicrous Shirley Temple Black's candidacy for Congress. To introduce a former child movie star as a congressional candidate, in a safe Republican district already teeming with Republicans at stage center, is to underscore in Poster Bodoni the state party's conviction that California, including San Mateo County, is really nothing more than a big Hollywood lot.

Of course, the motives for her candidacy may be more complex, given her little known aggressiveness and ambition, her close family affiliation with PG&E and persistent reports, unconfirmed, that she is "holding a seat" for State Sen. Richard Dolwig or Cap Weinberger. But the political premises of her candidacy leave us squirming in anguish.

The premise is that Shirley Temple—and, theoretically, an infinite line of movie stars—can be sold to voters, as was Ronald Reagan, as a “concerned citizen who is not a professional politician.” Undoubtedly, this is designed to alleviate the uneasiness that even Californians feel about turning their fate over to ex-actors.

Miss Temple tried to turn her inexperience to advantage by candidly admitting, at her widely publicized press conference, that she doesn't have "all the answers to all the problems," but that she is no "professional politician" like Lyndon Johnson. It is time to send more representatives to Washington who don't "play politics."

This exploits the belief that is almost an American trait: the average guy, with some honesty, horse sense and upbringing, can do the job better than any professional. Reagan used it effectively against Brown (ironically, please note, there is no elected official in the country who has devoted more of his first year in office to "playing politics," by jockeying for the Presidency, than has Reagan.)

There is no reason we shouldn't turn to new political faces—if they bring with them imagination, vision, fresh ideas. Reagan lathered and steamed the electorate with visions of the "Creative Society." But what did they turn out to be: cuts in mental health, cuts in Medi-Cal, businessmen scampering about on task forces, or tall-in-the-saddle laissez-faire at home, more bombs and napalm abroad.

There is more of this in the same

tap, says Shirley. Already she has come out boldly for abolishing pornography, cutting taxes, balancing the budget and turning the war over to the Joints Chief of Staff. As Tom Wolfe would say, Pow! Pow! Pow!

All of us are disturbed today about the war, about urban rioting, about slums, about violence, about foreign

Well, now we know. The competition between the Examiner and the Chronicle isn't even as fierce as the celebrated combat between the Chronicle's Ron Fimrite and the Giants' Lon "That's Right" Simmons.

Back in the old days, when men were men, whisky was a nickle a shot and newspapers went after each other like longshoremen in a saloon, the story about Scott Newhall, the Chronicle's executive editor, and his do-it-yourself mint for a Caribbean revolution, wouldn't have been left to the likes of *The Bay Guardian*.

The opposition would have put the lance to Newhall just as the Examiner did to Bud Boyd when the Chronicle sent him into the wilds on his famous atomic survival mission. (The Examiner, if you'll recall, exposed the story with Solemnity, the News-Call-Bulletin with glee as it dispatched its man to Golden Gate Park, armed with a blonde, champagne and candied hams, to see how long he'd last. He did last longer than Boyd, didn't he?)

The Examiner of 1967, merged as it is like a cat with a canary, said nothing about Scott the Swashbuckler. A couple of Examiner executives were head to mutter that they "would have liked to do the story," but couldn't "under the circumstances." One went out of his way to tell The Guardian he "liked the story about the man upstairs."

The Newhall/Anguilla story was lots of fun and The Guardian is gratified to find such wide readership at Fifth and Mission and at 860 Howard, but the incident is important only because it shows, beyond refutation, the lovely-dovey between these two business enterprises.

There are other examples. Why did neither paper say anything about their unpaid taxes from Woldens regim? (perhaps all was innocence; perhaps not: it's up to them to convince us by printing the facts of the

policy, about the anti-missile nonsense, about the character and quality of American development under the strange coalition of Johnson/Rusk/McNamara and their Dixiecrat Goldwater bedfellows. But this is not the time for another "concerned politician," with no background, no experience, and no ideas: that is, Shirley Temple.

matter)? About their tax Settlement policies? About, for that matter, the entire list of 148 firms mentioned in the Wolden grand jury testimony? And those later in the trial?

Neither carried much anti-monopoly testimony from unions and small publishers in recent newspaper monopoly hearings in Washington. Nor do they carry much in criticism of PG&E—despite the utility's notorious plan to dominate federal power in Northern California—nor about attempts by outstate growers and landowners to subvert the 150-acre limitation on water. Nor much about the scandalous firing of Dr. Joel Fort as director of his nationally recognized Center for Special Problems.

No matter what Charles Gould, Examiner publisher, or Charles de Young Theroit, Chroincle publisher, tell the anti-trust people in Washington, their joint corporation is in effect a monopoly, their newspapers are the worse for it and their Bay Area reading public can never as-

To the editor:

With the same callous lack of conscience with which John L. Lewis shoved aside the miners of Appalachia, the leaders of most unions have abandoned the fight for good working conditions. Now the goal is wages and fringe benefits. Forgotten is the hardest fight of all: decent and humane working conditions.

Why get into a real labor fight when for less effort you can attain wages and fringe benefits? The so called labor leader might even gain the title "statesman of labor" if the settlement is large enough.

But John Q Worker is going to have to get a new pair of track shoes to keep up. The saying is, "If you can't cut it, you can't stay."

Let's examine one small segment of the construction industry, the tunnels, then and now, as regards working conditions.

In the thirties and forties the majority of the tunnels had good working conditions. Many strikes by the I.W.W. (Wobblies) and the International Mine Mill and Smelter Workers Union had brought this about. The Wobblies made good job conditions their main goal. "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work" was a much used slogan of the "Wobs."

Some of the tunnel conditions then: Hot meals underground on camp jobs. Tables set up in a clean, dry place. Work immediately ceased when the table was ready. Good timbering to prevent rock falls. A thorough soaking of the muck pile with water to eliminate the dust hazard. Adequate ventilation. Above all a work pace consistent with doing the job properly.

And now: No hot meals underground on camp jobs. Sit anywhere for lunch. Indifferent timbering. Lunch anytime the boss decides. And a heavy emphasis on getting the job done at breakneck speed.

An example: On the sewer relocation for BART in Lafayette the dust conditions caused several miners to quit. Four experienced miners walked out after the business agent of Laborers' Local #324 told them that it was only "Fog" caused by the exhaust of the air drill.

The same miners called the State Division of Industrial Safety and the company was ordered to wet down the heading with water to prevent rock dust. *The union did nothing on*

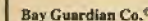


sess the damage until a strong competitive voice emerges.

No matter what the journalism schools tell their students at Cal, Stanford and San Francisco State, there is no substitute, in gathering the news, disseminating opinion, raising hell in the public interest, for an independent newspaper. Not a magazine, not a review commission, not a radio or tv station, not a strong mayor, not a powerful businessman, not educational television.

Only a newspaper can keep another newspaper honest.

There is, as Joel Fort suggests, in his page 4 prostitution piece, a method for testing the seriousness and the sincerity of the prostitution/Michael Greig/Supp. Blake Syndrom in San Francisco: prosecute the girls, yes, but prosecute also their customer under adultery, fornication and deviant sex statutes.



"AND I TELL YOU IT'S A PEACE TORCH"

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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Theodore Rasmussen, Marvin Breslow
Production: Sean O'Reilly, Pat O'Reilly,

Ominous, thundering, the nuclear tidal wave bore down on the surfing champ. He yelled with exultation.

In front of his two-room house in Ma-noa Valley's back rain forest; Addis work-ed wax into the red-striped surfboard while sweat drops blew off his beard, sometimes skittering across the wax like run-away jewels. Back and forth, care-fully, evenly, the arms worked—prayer of life, song of Man. Ferro, ergo sum.

Time. No time death time.

Addis finished. His strokes breaking rhythm, he touched up like a sculptor in-suring a polished texture on a marble sur-face. He squatted—gnarled feet spread wide and flat—and squinted down the board: preserved, smooth, ready.

Expertly, he took the board, walked the two steps to his car, strapped the board tightly on top, then looked at his house. For a long time, his eyes shifted over the back wall of the valley, the slight patch of Honolulu through the trees—still there—the dirt road, the house again, the desert-ed suburb a mile below.

Last time.

Addis was a bad driver—like an un-compromising Neanderthal, he'd always had trouble with machines. Big, awkward in metal environments, he hunched over the wheel, muscle hanging, big toe flex-ing the accelerator, eyes looking at every-thing but the road. And he drove too fast, hitting pot holes, bouncing along at 45 mph wishing for macadam, his car des-tined to die after six months with Addis.

BUT this morning driving was easy—Addis was the only one on Oahu's primi-tive highways. He sang, he lurched, he sped, driving in the lefthand lanes for kicks, jumping traffic islands, running stop signs, weaving through school inter-sections at 65 mph, down zero streets, hell bent for Queen Surf.

He sang, beard angled in the wind, his voice loud, but human. Thirty-five year old blond man-monster, international Makaha surfing champion, wild-eyed, life affirming hit 70 mph while straddling the white line on Waikiki's main, but des-erted street, Kalakaua Avenue. Muu-muued mannikins, flowered fishnets, travel posters—window after window—blurred by, streams of color ending at the intersections Addis ran.

Shopping time gone time.

STILL singing, Addis burned into the Queen Surf parking lot, left his present car smoking in the middle, defiantly threw his car keys at the sky, head back, eyes glistening, teeth bared, feet flat on the hot pavement. Addis—seul l'homme—vital spot in an empty stillness. In a land para-dise of greens, he was wearing blue on red jams, the only fact separating him from earlier man.

He unstrapped the surfboard and began the long walk to the water—incredible moving, bright spot, threading his way amongst the modern but vacated build-ings—new hotels gaping empty like doll-houses on display.

He left his board thrust upright at the sky, one lone southern totempole on the long beach. And he made supplication at the water for good surf, good life and never-ending morning—a gesture by the King on the Queen's sand.

Addis preparing, the only living being on Oahu's miles of beach. Addis, the regal, bathing himself in the lagoon-like waters, playing with the liquid, enjoying the freshness, loving the froth, never losing his stature. Addis, the regal, pre-paring for the sport of Kings with in-visible tribe watching from a distance chanting its own supplication: song in Addis's mind. No more tribe.

Last time.

IN ONE smooth movement, Addis was on the board, straddling it Hawaiian style, gargantuan legs hanging in the water, the front of the board angling up. Then he stretched out on the board, scooped with his arms and shot away

from the land, never looking back.

Long, rhythmic scoops carried him towards the surf, muscles jumping on his back in tune in time. Head up, he squinted at the waves rolling over the reef still a quarter of a mile off, pondered their form, then frowned hard.

Four to six feet, regular form, rolling, predictable, hot-dogger waves, unfit for the champion's last time. But Addis kept going—strangely silent and still except for his arms and back; no one behind him, no one in front, only the waves no taller than Addis at their height, no more power-ful.

Approaching the reef and the open sea, stroking through the easy slaps of the lagoon water, Addis heard the final sirens—loud, machine moans, echoing off the ridges: short metallic bursts of sound signalling to underground ears—if there were any—attack imminent.

Addis glanced back once and saw through a sea mist hotels cutting off half of the mountains; from a distance, the island appeared as it always had.

DOUBLING his rhythm, he hurried and shot across the coral towards the belly of a glistening six-footer. He wrap-ped around the board, rolled twice through the wave cutting under and up, shooting out the back onto the ocean, head up, arms once again scooping, singing for the calm a few hundred yards out where the waves formed. He covered the dis-tance rapidly—no wasted time, expert motion.

Back in the calm he sat hunched on the board, sad at the waves for not being big enough, but—like a champion—he didn't feel or know self-pity.

It never occurred to him. He looked once again at the island; after awhile, he saw the flashes and moments later heard the reports: missiles left their un-seen pads buried in Oahu's green ridges and maneuvered skyward to meet the first bombers vectoring in on the island. Several waves of missiles were fired, then nothing.

Long wait.

Addis—fascinated—watched from his board. Beyond the haze, the cirrus, way up against the blue, several dots angled towards the island. They dropped down to about 20,000 feet, then two veered left while one headed for Pearl Harbor—15 miles away. Addis—mouth agape, eyes squinting out from under a furrowed forehead—saw the plane suddenly jerk, then roll out, then accelerate up and away from the island: curiously enough, the plane resembled a very good surfer going through an unseen wave.

Instinctively, Addis flattened out on his board, his long arms locked around it. He turned his head away from the flash, then felt intense pain as a hot blast rolled him and board through the water several times.

The sound of the explosion vibrated the water so it momentarily looked like a tone fork just hit by a stone. Breathing hard and shuddering, Addis quickly sat up on the board, wiped his face and stared at the island. While the mushroom over Pearl Harbor took form, he watched the entire seaward face of the island burn: greens, blues, browns, all concrete, steel—man-made and nature alike—harmon-iously burned and melted, the ashes and particles exploding skyward, blown in

all directions.

Addis looked for a last wave—anything and everything—he could not go back now even if he wanted to—but there were only the monotonous four to six-footers, still rolling, somehow unaffected.

LAST time, seul l'homme: frustration.

He heard it first—a rolling, watery thunder coming from the wave as it blasted its way out of Pearl Harbor and headed out to sea.

Addis quickly turned and saw it build-ing up, gaining force, velocity and power: tsunami: great grey wall of water moving out like an expanding circle. Nuclear tidal wave—giant side effect of a bomb dropped in a harbor.

Addis didn't think, he reacted.

Instinctively, he was stretched out on his board and scooping for what looked like the best spot to pick up the tsunami: a slight calm a little ways clear of the coral and rocks with enough depth so that he wouldn't be bombarded by all of the muck the wave would pull up from the bottom. He reached the spot an instant before the wave did and barely had time to swing his board around and scoop forward several times to avoid getting swamped.

THEN the roar was all around him: he couldn't hear himself yell. He felt himself and the board being picked up—he didn't know how, he only hung on and felt him-self shoot up the face of the wave.

Then he was on top, locked in on the

most a quarter of a mile to the floor of the sea which bubbled and hissed as it was sucked into the body of the wave.

The top edge continually rolled over and slapped, the wind picking up parts of the water to form numerous white caps. Addis yelled again, his head turned upwards glistening wet in the sun. Then—carefully—he bent slightly forward and leaned on his right foot.

He was not prepared for the kick of the wave—he cut right so rapidly he al-most fell, and could only recover by lean-ing left with no compromise. But finally, the board came around, and he was straight and steady again, grinning at the almost, enjoying the temporary fear.

Then he tried it again—this time easy—and cut down the wave at incredible speed. As he neared the bottom, he leaned back slightly and again felt the powerful response. He reached the top, so quickly he felt like he'd been on a runaway elevator.

THE SAME maneuver to the left: down, back up, working the face of the largest wave in existence; ironically, man-made.

On top, Addis was the King; he con-trolled, he was steady, he had been born and had learned to stand, function, ex-perience, live: ferro ergo sum. He stood straight, proud, alert and he saw the hori-zon where he was going: the merger or green and blue.

Like a Sioux Indian on his horse look-ing out over his land from the edge of a council bluff, Addis surveyed his world: each wave in front fluid, changing, some whitecapping, all rolling into the force which propelled him.

Addis stood like a man—free, alone, racing to his end, but living it in harmony with the wave. He chanted against the wind, moved his board right and left along the wave's face, always coming back to his position on top, to his position of survey, of reign, almost of responsi-bility.

HE tried more complicated maneu-vers: sudden cuts which would all but break his feet loose from the board, dip ins, reverse climbs, all he knew and all he could do, almost in defiance of the wave.

Each time the temporary fear would hit him, but each time his instincts func-tioned properly, and so he stayed on the board, stayed on the ride of his life, like some demi-god figure cutting and skip-ping across clouds laughing at the spaces in between, smoking across the sky.

Addis the regal on top, last time, good time.

Like all waves, the tsunami slowed down and got smaller, gradually weaken-ing, its force dying out, absorbed by the sea. Addis respected the wave.

He did not cut at it and work it as it went down, he did not try to frantically extract its diminishing velocity and force; rather, Addis rode it down straight and proud, head held erect, his chants and yells now coming back to him, no longer lost in the wind. He rode the wave down as it should have been ridden. Addis was regal all the way—he refused to grub, he refused fear, as he had refused to huddle in a shelter while the island burned.

THE WAVE ended—a slight ripple, nothing left. Addis sat down on his board, grinning, not feeling the exhaustion from the ride. He bobbed up and down in the open sea for a moment thinking about the ride.

Then he turned and looked back at the island. He saw it through the waves—20 miles distant, tiny, blackened, smoke dead against the sky. Addis was sober for a moment. Then he lay on his board, put his great hands under his head and closed his eyes.

Addis' last ride

By Karl A. Tunberg

sloping top edge of the wave, moving at a speed he'd never before experienced, not even with the forty-foot storm waves typhoons would produce off Oahu's north shore. He just hung onto the board, getting the feel of the wave, while the wind flattened his beard against his face, blowing so hard he had to breathe through his mouth and strain to keep his eyes open.

Addis—the human missile—speeding seaward, waiting for the right moment to stand: like a child struggling to get off all fours, pivoting for the moment when gravity would not make him fall.

FINALLY, Addis knew. He felt the force of the wave as smooth and regular—he could control it. Slowly, steadily, he pushed up with his arms, feeling the bal-ance, making sure he stayed on top; then he brought his legs up, his feet scrunching on the board for traction and stability.

Then limbo: the moment when he let go with his arms and stood—the unpre-dictable moment when when he would either fall or ride. Fall or ride, die or live: he let go, straightened up, teetered—feet frantically adjusting—and rode.

For a long time he rode straight, squint-ing straight ahead while the wind pulled his lips back baring his teeth. He saw blues and greens and could not dis-tinguish the horizon. He opened his mouth and yelled—long and loud—but could only hear it inside: the wind and the roar of the wave took his yell from him, broke it up, and left it miles behind. But he heard it inside.

GATHERING courage, he moved his head and looked at the wave. Its top edge stretched out to either side in a wide arc. Below, the wave seemed incredibly smooth and straight, dropping down al-

What a plot for a musical, Kiddo!

By Jess Brownell

It has been a quiet time for me recently, recuperating as I have been from injuries received when my new Charisma left the road and piled up on the nearby rocks of Apathy. Almost the only note of interest came in the form of a letter from my old acquaintance and sometime collaborator, Speed Felsch.

Speed is an independent Hollywood producer of the old, illiterate, seat-of-the-pants school, and if he never left quite the mark on film-land as did some others cast in the same mold, it is only because he came late to the business, after a long career in the haberdashery field, and the seats were mostly full when he arrived.

Nevertheless he had his finger as close to the public pulse as anyone, and did his bit to debase American culture, and it is sad to see him now scratching for existence among long-haired actor-producers and unfriendly bankers. He is still full of spirit, though, and what he regards as ideas, and his latest is not without charm.

Here is what he wrote.

Well, Sweetie, it's been a long time, and I bet you've been wondering what had become of your old Buddy, Speed. You don't have to worry, Baby. He's been working as hard as ever, and he's come up with a flash that could be something really big.

In case you haven't heard, and I know how far out of touch you can get, the musical is back and better than ever. Mary Poppins, right? Sound of Music, I could go on, but even you must know about them two.

So? So musicals have always been my meat, Pal, and I've got an idea for a flick that'll make the pair above look like a Marshall Thompson epic in comparison. It's got all the old home, flag and mother elements (and I ain't ashamed of them, either) that made the cinemusicals of the forty's great, plus enough modern twists to keep the kids' interest and let Mom and Dad know they're seeing it like it really is. I'll give you a brief out-

line of the plot, and some can't-miss song ideas, and you take it from there. Off we go.

To begin with, we've got two aging, leathery politicians on a campaign trip in the hinterlands (wherever they are; you figure it out.) One should be a small, sprightly, joking type; the other taller and kind of serious, but capable of a slow, heart-warming kind of humor if you know what I mean. You've seen them around.

Anyway, they're on this trip together, and their car, which is cleverly painted to resemble a horse and buggy, breaks down under suspicious circumstances outside this little town and leaves them afoot.

Undaunted, they march into town, singing something like, "We've been sabotaged but we don't care! Let the reds and pinks do what they dare! The American way is the old shanks mare," and try to get rooms at the local hotel.

Naturally the hotel is full, there being a convention of fruit-growers in town, and our heroes get chased right out of the lobby. They're all dusty from walking, see, and the fruit-growers mistake them for laborers.

Well, being politicians, our boys just go out and start ringing doorbells, looking for a place to stay, but they don't have any luck until they get to the mayor's house. Actually, the mayor doesn't like dusty people either, but he's got a daughter, a cute, curly-headed little thing, who's sharp enough to see the real stuff underneath the dirt, and she makes her old man take them in.

Now first the chick goes for the little one, because he's got all the surface charm. There's a good scene where they all gather around the piano in the parlor after dinner and she sings, "I want a man with his feet on the ground! Who won't be pushed around! By little punks with hairy chins! Who belong in loony bins! A man who will fight! On the side of the right!"

Then the little pol breaks into a soft-shoe and sings, "Maybe I'm the guy you were meant to meet! My qualifications are hard to beat! For whatever problem I'm forced to greet! I may twist and turn but I land on my feet." And we can see stars in our girl's eyes.

But as the days pass while we wait for the car to be repaired (the lefties have done a real job on it) she begins noticing the other one, the tall, slow-talking one, more and more. Finally—you can fill in the build-up to

this—one night while they're walking in the garden they realize it's for real, and they sing their great duet, "Love needs a place to flower and bloom! The Senate is great but the White House has room." Socko, right?

About here, I figure, we got to have our crisis. So what happens is the next day the guy and the gal are alone together and they get to talking about the movies (that's a big topic for discussion these days, believe it or not) and the guy happens to mention this Swedish film he saw in the city.

Of course, the chick is shattered to learn that her one-and-only watches dirty pics and she starts bawling and saying she never wants to see him again and runs him out of the house without even giving him a chance to explain that he only saw the picture because he's on the board of censors. He's heartbroken and wanders around town kicking a can.

How do we get out of this spot, you ask? Are you ready for this? In the meantime, the conventioners at the hotel have been besieged by a band of itinerant workers and are in danger of running out of bourbon. Our boys get wind of this, and concoct a plan to save them. They get their car, which has been fixed at last, kick dirt all over each other (good place for laughs) so they won't be recognized, and head for the hotel.

Two guys in a horse and buggy don't look dangerous, so they get through the lines, load the fruit-growers in the back, rev up the motor, and barrel on out of there scattering startled Mexicans over half the county. The combination of old-fashioned virtue and modern technology has triumphed again.

You can see how we finish big. The girl hears about the daring rescue and comes running back to her true love, the fruit-growers gratefully agree to finance the campaign, and everybody gets eyes for Washington.

We close on the platform at the train station, where our trio sings the finale, "It wasn't our choice! We've heard the voice! Of the people we'll love to the end! Our lives don't matter! We'll put 'em on the platter! 'Cause America needs us again."

That's it, Kiddo, and if you don't see a block-buster in it you've been sitting in the sun so long your marbles are fried. Just give me a quick treatment I can show to the money boys, and we'll be on the road to clover. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

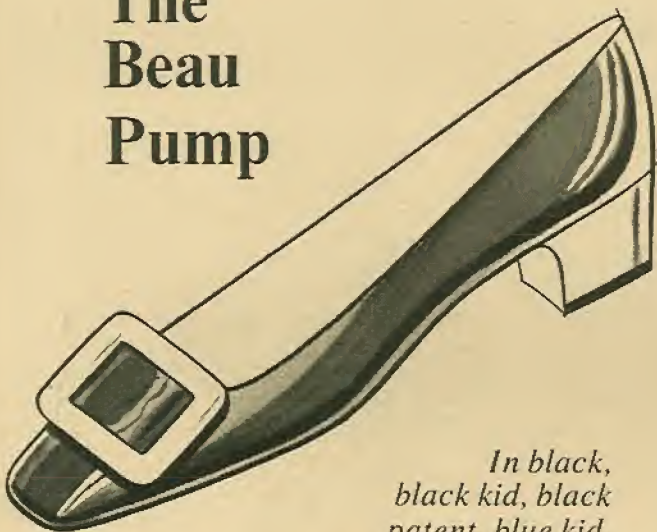
Your Palsy,
Speed

I've been considering it, you know. It does have possibilities. I wonder if Speed has given any thought to casting. Frankly, I've got three people in mind for the leads myself. They'd fit the bill perfectly, and they need to be kept off the streets anyway.

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Are you a consumer with a problem? Almost everybody is these days. Take Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Doerr, of 142 Alta Vista Way, Daly City, and the story of their purchase of, as they put it, a "new 1966, 4 door, Landau Vinyl top, fully equipped with everything, including the automatic eye, \$7,754.00 list" Lincoln Continental automobile.

Almost everything went wrong with the car, starting with its gulping of 2½ quarts of oil in the first 800 miles. But nobody would give the Doerrs any satisfaction—the dealer, the company, the California State Automobile Association—so the Doerrs took matters into their own hands: they hired some hippies and had them plaster the car with huge yellow lemons.

A most unusual consumer protest, to be sure, but will it work? The Guardian next issue will report the Case of the Peripatetic Lemons in its first installment in a special consumer column.

Here's how the column will work: consumers may write to The Guardian about specific complaints: about goods, about service, about misleading promotion. Complaints must be specific and short and complainants must be prepared to back them up by allowing their name and addresses to be used.

If The Guardian feels the complaint merits publication, it will send the complaint to the person, company or party responsible. It will be accompanied by a note saying The Guardian is considering publication of the consumer complaint and that, if the party responsible wishes, he may submit his rebuttal to The Guardian or contact the complainant directly. The Guardian reserves the right to edit them, it won't take sides in these consumer disputes, but will only provide a consumer complaint forum.

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Shirley aims For Senate - What comes next?

By our correspondent

Shirley Temple Black, whose curly locks and dimpled knees cheered a depression-weary public 30 years ago in such film epics as "Little Miss Marker," harbors ambitions to run for the U.S. Senate.

Mrs. Black, now 39, mother of three teen-agers, dark-haired and plumpish, currently is running for a vacant seat in the House of Representatives from suburban San Mateo County.

In a race largely occupied by political nonentities and publicity seekers, the former child actress is given a good chance of winning the Nov. 14 special election.

THEN what? According to reliable sources close to the aggressive and ambitious Mrs. Black, she has her eye on the Senate seat of old friend and dancing partner George Murphy.

Murphy underwent serious throat surgery last year, and has never fully regained his speaking ability. Many Republican leaders believe Murphy will not be up to a rigorous re-election campaign in 1970.

Shirley may be thinking the same thing. Being a congresswoman wouldn't hurt her chances.

Little Shirley Temple in Congress? The idea is no more absurd than George Murphy in the Senate and Ronald Reagan in the governor's office, with the White House beckoning.

Surprisingly, many Democratic leaders in San Mateo County consider her candidacy a joke, and think she will be easy to beat in the event



a Dec. 12 runoff election is necessary.

MOST of the county's top Demo-

crats are backing a little known San Mateo councilman by the name of Roy Archibald. If it comes to a showdown between the two, Shirley ought

to win in a breeze.

Actually, another Democrat, Edward M. Keating, ousted publisher of Ramparts magazine, shows up much better on name recognition surveys than Archibald, but he has little party support because of his strong anti-Vietnam war views. Still in the Democratic wings is Mark Sullivan, twice beaten.

San Mateo County, even with a slight Democratic voter registration edge, usually votes Republican. The area is dominated by such luxury communities as Hillsborough, Atherton, Woodside and Portola Valley.

The spreading poverty and Negro slum areas in East Palo Alto, East Menlo Park and East Redwood City generally are ignored in the scheme of things here. On tap in the regional newspapers — The Redwood City Tribune, The San Mateo Times, The Palo Alto Times—is a brew that is straight Reagan-on-the-rocks.

Most endorsements will go to Shirley or William H. Draper, a right wing businessman, not to a liberal and more experienced Republican, Paul N. McCloskey, Palo Alto attorney.

The most conservative GOP leaders in the county—the ruling party establishment—put their money and influence behind Draper early in the campaign.

BUT Shirley came along to complicate matters. Among other things, she is stepping on all of Draper's ghost-written lines, like: let's win the war by turning its conduct over to the generals; drugs are the most serious threat to today's youth; crime is getting out of hand (meaning Negroes) and taxes are too high.

Reporters who question Mrs. Black closely are quick to realize she is fairly intelligent, although abysmally informed on major local and national issues. She is articulate only when reciting from memory. When speaking extemporaneously, she falters and appears uncertain.

To tough questions, her answers tend to be cute and meaningless. When in deep water, she rapidly changes the subject.

Hawkish, ultra-conservative, uninformed—despite all these shortcomings, Shirley has to be rated the favorite. In apathetic San Mateo County, where mowing lawns and polishing cars are prime concerns, it's the name that counts.

The business in war bodies

—continued from page 7

"THEY had the whole thing sewed up even before they arrived in town," one disappointed bidder commented ruefully. Daphne, who saw a nice piece of action going by the wayside (his per case profit on earlier contracts had ranged from \$25 to \$40), said he felt constrained to compliment the Comers for winning the battle over the new contract. "You're a genius," he said he told Comer. "I don't know how you did it." Daphne, who is not given to bitterness, later told me he felt Comer "must have known how to take care of people." He did not elaborate on this cryptic remark, but he certainly had cause to be bitter. He also lost the Army business, although to a different competitor.

DAPHNE now takes a rather insouciant view of the whole government contracting business. For one thing, he is handsomely established. His San Francisco Funeral Home and Memorial Chapels, at 1 Church St., near the U.S. Mint, is a lavish redwood establishment that sprawls over a city block and includes beautiful little gardens where the bereaved may meditate in peace and quiet.

The San Francisco Funeral Home is, in fact, a good deal more posh than the California Funeral Service, which advertises in the yellow pages of the telephone book, "No One Turned Away for Lack of Funds"—a rather perceptive piece of advertising in a business not noted for generosity and selflessness.

DAPHNE is rather philosophical about having lost out on government work. "I thought I might save the (Navy) contract by coming down," he said. "Some of the other funeral directors were getting pretty desperate."

But now he is glad he didn't get the work. "At the end Comer was only making a \$5 profit per case," he explained. "Who needs to kill himself for that kind of money? And, of course, you have to pay taxes on it."

(Pennell, the low bidder, was under the mistaken impression that he would not have had to pay income taxes on his government earnings, had he made any, because "the bodies came from outside the country.")

Taxes or not, business was good for the Comer family. An embalmer who worked briefly for them in 1966 remarked recently, "The place was so cluttered with caskets that there was no room to conduct private business."

Happily for them, the Comers last year were permitted to switch their base of operation from the cramped quarters on Valencia to the Oakland Army Base, where they could freely use the facilities—all at no change in pay. This, of course, meant that there was room at Valencia Street to conduct some private business as well—at a considerable higher per-case profit.

THE MOVE to the Oakland Base was all the more gratifying since last year they not only renewed their Navy contract (which included Marine work) at \$168,650, but they also acquired the Army contract, calling for the handling of an estimated 4,300 cases, for \$638,495.

This was all the more remarkable since they were again second low

bidders. Pennell, down a ways on 24th Street, was low bidder on both jobs, but he was again disqualified. A third bidder, lowest of them all, pulled out at the last minute, fearing that he might lose money on the whole deal.

One of the more interesting aspects of the Comers' operation was their choice of caskets. The Comers picked the so-called Meyers casket, made in Lynn, Ind., and have used it consistently.

MRS. Comer described it as a first-class casket and said only the Meyers people could supply one in sufficient volume. On the other hand, Daphne told me that, when he used it for government work, one of the government inspectors supervising his operation told him that the Meyers casket wouldn't do and ordered him to switch to another brand. In fact, when he and I discussed this, he agreed rather reluctantly that the inspector might be right.

"The paint isn't baked on," he said. He added that sometimes the rubber sealer was prone to leak, emitting unpleasant odors.

MRS. Comer disagreed and said the Meyers casket had been found to adhere to minimum government specifications. "It's a fine casket," she told me.

(Incidentally, the cost of the Meyers casket to the government was \$144. To private individuals, the trade sells it for around \$680, but then that's not volume business.)

SO much for the Comers. In a subsequent article, I'll describe the steadfast efforts of a losing bidder who went to extraordinary lengths to obtain government work on Vietnam casualties. It involves alleged calls to the LBJ ranch, a visit to a California congressman and an accommodating San Francisco supervisor.

Another interesting sidelight is the complaint of an Eastern undertaker that he was being cheated out of some bodies to which he claimed to be entitled. Business picked up nicely after he complained to his congressman. More: the government inspector who was moonlighting on a funeral director's payroll.

(Jack Lind, a free lance writer and photographer, has worked as an investigative reporter for the Chicago Daily News, for newspapers in Denmark and as general assignment reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle.)

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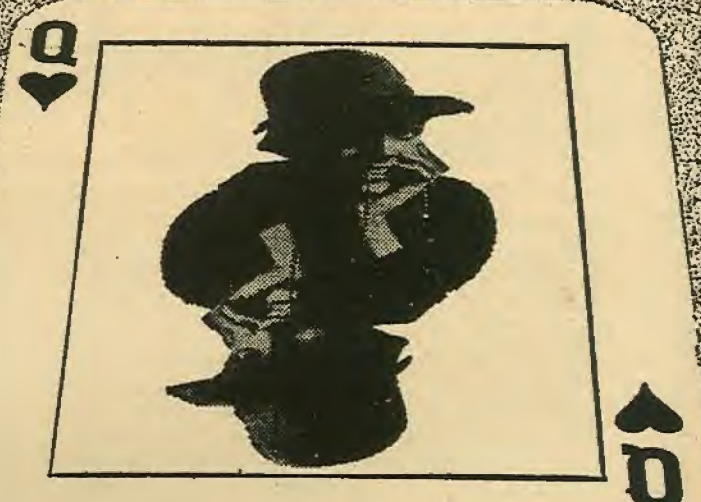
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Stunning search for the perfect wave

by Margo Skinner

"The Endless Summer" (Larkin, San Francisco)
 "To Sir With Love" (Coronet, San Francisco)
 "In the Heat of the Night"
 (New Royal, Empire, El Rancho Drive-In,
 San Francisco)
 San Francisco International Film Festival
 (beginning Oct. 20th, Masonic Auditorium,
 San Francisco)

Documentaries seem to run to extremes: they either are dull or excellent. "The Endless Summer" is well nigh perfect.

Produced, directed and edited by Bruce Brown, 28, this spectacularly beautiful film on surfing has apparently become the sleeper of the year, which will seemingly run forever at theaters coast to coast.

The summer is endless because it covers a 35,000-mile trip around the world, literally following the sun, by two young surfers in search of "the perfect wave." (See page 9.) Running for 90 minutes, the record of their journey is visually stunning.

Its non-pro "heroes," Mike Hynston and Robert August, are pleasantly unselfconscious, as are the friends they meet on beaches from Ghana to Tahiti. Narration is informal, often humorous, painlessly informative.

FOR the non-surfer the film opens a new world, the world of the wave-lovers, who have their own language and magnificently coordinated skills, and whose grace and power make surfing more an art form than a sport.

Most impressive of Brown's shore-scapes are those of the "Big Surf" of Makaha Beach, Hawaii. Here the

strong bodies of young men seem minute and their large surf boards ("big guns") like matchwood against the "heavies," great mountains of shimmering water which crash like avalanches of gold-flecked aquamarine.

But the gentler beaches with beautifully curling waves have their appeal too. If you're fed up with smog, traffic and gas fumes, this is your picture. It's a vacation on film.

Our own Sidney Poitier film festival, comprising "To Sir With Love" and "In the Heat of the Night," brings us back to the world with a vengeance: rebellious slum youth, racism and murder. The first film is set in London; the second, in Mississippi. I like London better, though local critics do not agree.

MOVIES

IT is perhaps impertinent of me to argue with Messrs. Knickerbocker and Eichelbaum, two distinguished reviewers. But I found "To Sir with Love" neither "sentimental" (PK) nor "mawkish" (SE). The audience loved it. It is rare to hear applause at the end of a film; rarer still to see a mixed group, black and white, leave a theater with smiles on their faces.

"To Sir with Love" deals with the reverse situation of a cultured Negro up against a crowd of white slum kids in a part of the London school system. This, despite Eichelbaum's incredulity, is perfectly logical. With

a drastic teaching shortage, the British Ministry of Education has certified not only Commonwealth citizens, sometimes of color, but even at one time your reviewer.

And in England it would be far easier for an educated Negro from British Guiana to get a job in a school than one in an engineering firm. True, it's a bit much that our hero lived in California for awhile, but you have to explain that American accent somehow.

THE character which Poitier played with strength and humor did not seem "stereotyped" (PK) to me. He was not always noble; at first he was scared, understandably so for one teaching in a foreign country, and of another color at that; occasionally, he lost his temper; periodically fed up, he kept applying for engineering jobs.

Conversely, he had great dignity, understanding and tenderness, the latter particularly evident in his handling of a girl (charmingly played by Judy Geeson) with a teenage crush on him.

I thought the Cockney kids as a whole quite believable, though our critics did not. I've known teenagers like this in a club in Camden Town, not one of London's more elegant sections. As for such slum youth turning into something better through the efforts of a good teacher, if this is not possible, educators had better give up.

Though the pupils were "products of the ignorant lower class," as Eichelbaum says, ignorance is not stupidity. Their final acceptance and love of their colored teacher was shown as the culmination of a long, careful and effective job on his part, and no overnight reformation.

I FOUND the class' museum visit, revealed in a series of quick stills, which for Knickerbocker were "self-consciously clever" not only essential to the story in that it opened new windows on the world for the kids, but delightful.

A shot of a contemporary male teenager with a Prince Valiant haircut aghast over a stone cherub with a similar hairdo was fun. And the older boys, salaciously and surreptitiously feeling up a nude female statue, seemed to me very funny.

The cockney atmosphere of streets, buses and outdoor markets was as real as fish and chips. The only weakness I found was the over-effusive welcome of their new colleague by the other teachers.

Granted, sentimentality is very close when you are dealing with positive human emotions. But James Clavell's restrained direction was always in control. The ending was characteristic. Our hero, having overcome, sits in his empty classroom with the present his class has given him and the card signed "To Sir with love."

He's pretty overcome too. Then a couple of new young hoods swagger in, mock these tokens, and say "Wait'll you get us next term." That's the point at which Poitier tears up his job offer from the electronics firm. He's hooked, and so was his audience.

Unfortunately, "The Heat of the Night," admired by Mr. Knickerbocker, did not similarly hook me. Here Poitier, a Philadelphia policeman, expert on homicide, is conveniently stuck in a Mississippi town between trains when a murder has been committed.

The victim is an important Northerner who plans to build a factory (ah, low labor costs) which will put the town on the map. His widow wants the killer found, or no factory. The local police, led by Rod Steiger, aren't up to it. So — well, you can take it from there. Yes, Junior, the brilliant Northern Negro criminologist solves the murder.

Yes, first he is set upon, psychologically and physically, by local bigots. Yes, ultimately he and the Chief of Police learn to love each other.

THERE are an awful lot of coincidences in this plot, to put it mildly. An Officer Virgil Tibbs is a stereotype, always noble, always intelligent, keeping his cool, a "giant among stunted pygmies." Only Poitier could give him any life at all.

Steiger, as the Chief, has much more to work with. He plays a man of some com-

Design — Judy Wong



THE VOICE

OCTOBER EARTH

*October earth is smoke and gold,
 Gnarled roots and stumps with flecks of mold,
 Trees like wraiths in fading sun,
 And a fitful wind that is gravestone cold.*

*When leaves fold yellow and glossy brown
 And frost creeps up to the edge of town,
 Like wavering fog the summer's gone
 And ashes come sifting, sifting down,*

*Light your tallow and say a prayer
 For the trapped red fox and the fleeing hare,
 Before October's days are done
 And warlocks seize you unaware.*

Stanley McNail

— From "The Blackhawk Country," McNail's latest volume of poetry on the Illinois country where he was reared. Available at \$3 from The Guardian.

plexity, essentially honest, yet realistic enough to know which side his badge is buttered on, lonely, aware of his own limitations — but surely intelligent enough not to go about arresting two wrong men, including one of his own officers? — whose increasing respect and ultimate affection for his Negro colleague are believable.

My friend wondered how many police chiefs there are like this in small Mississippi towns. It would be nice if there were.

I MISSED the "rich social complexities" of the town which Knickerbocker saw in the film. I do agree, however, about the "types chosen to play the ignorant citizens." Types they were: I've seen them in cinematic portrayals of the South as far back as "Intruder in the Dust," sitting around spitting in cuspidors. As for the character played by Larry Gates, whom Knickerbocker described as a "political boss," man, he was the big landowner, who owned the town, and he wasn't very real either, even if he was paternalistically polite to Nigras and raised orchids.

Incidentally, this might be described as a body contact film. Poitier does an awful lot of touching of white flesh, from the corpse to the corpse's widow, the camera lingering on such in a sensationalist and perhaps reverse racist way.

Despite all this, "In the Heat of the Night" is worth seeing. It has real suspense. It has Poitier, whom I'll go to view in anything, and it has a beautiful performance by Rod Steiger. It's too bad it couldn't also have had some depth.

IMPLICIT in the above is the question of "What next, Sidney Poitier?" which Mr. Knickerbocker has thoughtfully

raised. I think Poitier is one of the best actors alive today, with great power, emotional range, and delicacy. Is he doomed forever to play Noble Negroes among dopey whites? He'd make a much better Othello than Olivier — but I'd rather see him do Hamlet. Plus some contemporary drama that makes real demands on his rich creative resources.

For the future, there is the promise of this year's International Film Festival, which opens on October 20th. Its first presentation will be Conrad's "The Rover," starring Anthony Quinn and Rita Hayworth, an English-language film with an international cast and producing staff. Immediately following will be two Cannes Festival best-performance winners, "Elvira Madigan" (Swedish) and "Three Days and a Child" (Israeli). Nineteen features in all will be shown, which The Guardian looks forward to covering.

Little theater plans

PLAYHOUSE-INTERPLAYERS (Beach and Hyde, 775-4426) Pirandello's "Enrico IV," "The Mousetrap," "Threepenny Opera," Weiss' "The Investigation." They also offer beginning acting classes. . . . ALDRIDGE PLAYERS: "Dance Bongo" and "The Trials of Brother Jero," two Afro-West Indian plays (Oct. 21) . . . STRAIGHT (1748 Haight, 387-0289) is planning a modern Japanese Noh play converted into Hippie terms (Hippies?) . . .

CEDAR ALLEY (40 Cedar, 885-9987) "The Original Philadelphia Cast" of Ionesco's "The Lesson" opens Sept. 22 with Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart." . . . NEW SHAKESPEARE COMPANY (1668 Bush, 771-5290) will open "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet" later this fall . . . MISSION PLAYHOUSE (362 Capp) will offer "Guest in the House" Oct. 6 thru 14, "Glass Menagerie" opens Nov. 10 . . .

JULIAN COMPANY (1292 Potrero, M18-9171) "Midsummer Night's Dream," (Sept. 27) Euripides' "Hecuba" (Oct. 27) will play in repertory with Euripides' "Electra" (Nov. 3) . . . And the MIME TROUPE is still on local grass, but it soon will tour the belt of nocturnal emissions, then return with new Commedia material.

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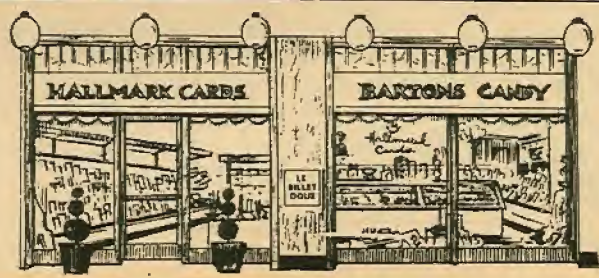
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Hamlet - as you like it . . .

By Rolfe Peterson

There has been no dearth of theatre in the Bay Area during the summer months, with Shakespeare festivals in San Rafael and Santa Clara, and most of the little theatres in the area going full blast. But the Big Time, the professional theatre aside from the amateur and semi-pro groups, has been in the summer doldrums.

Although the American Conservatory Theatre did an intensive few weeks of repertory at the Stanford Festival, the one production I saw was closer to semi-pro than Big Time.

The dramatization of Dos Passos' "U.S.A." a trilogy of novels is hardly drama at all. It's mostly straight reading, by actors taking turns, of random nuggets from the book, like the juicy biographical sketches of Isadora Duncan and Valentino and the Wright Brothers.

These provide moments of interest, but they are not theatre, and the sequences which are dramatized fall flat as pancakes.

The performance I saw was a first night, and it was full of amateurish boo-boos like forgetting lines and projecting embarrassment. Presumably, if and when "U.S.A." appears in the San Francisco season coming up, it will be more polished. I hope so. But it will never be a good play.

Another ACT premiere at Stanford, "Two for the Seesaw," got laudatory notices and is now listed tentatively as one of the "thrilling NEW PRODUCTIONS" promised for the coming season in the current ACT brochure.

Shaw's "Man and Superman" and Albee's "Tiny Alice," hits of last season and likely carry-overs into

this season, will probably lead to the addition of Shaw's "St. Joan" and Albee's "A Delicate Balance."

As if to make up for last season's absence of Shakespeare, William Ball has announced not only

Theater

"Twelfth Night" but also, over a two-season period, a four-play project that can only be described as doing the hell out of Hamlet.

Three separate productions will use the Shakespeare text, but in three different

ways and under three different titles. "Elsinore" will be a static, reflective attempt to mine the poetry of the speech, without pomp or pageantry or much physical activity at all. "Hamlet" will be a traditional Hamlet. "The Bare Bodkyn" will be a modernized Hamlet full of foolery and timeliness—an Absurd Hamlet, I take it.

And Thomas Stoppard's new, tangential version of the story, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," will round off a Hamlet tetralogy that sounds very interesting indeed.

The whole season sounds interesting, in fact, with Brecht and Anouilh, Miller and Williams, Weiss and Kilty (Kilty? Yes, Kilty) all in the running. One only hopes that this audacious company, which for all its vigor is not perfect, does not over-tax itself and, in attempting to do 20 or 30 plays well, does no one any good.

Prancy shuffling is not enough for Gogol farce

By Douglas Geibel

(Geibel teaches drama and creative writing at San Francisco State College and directs the Julian Company. He will write regularly on Bay Area little theater.)

"The Inspector General" (The Playhouse, SF)

"You are acting this thoroughly French play as if it were Russian. But the whole secret lies in its not being Russian."

—Stanislavski during a rehearsal of "Merchants of Glory."

In a characteristic flight of journalistic theorizing, Examiner reviewer Stanley Eichelbaum recently defined the most effective style for playing farce: "the effortless style—the easy, unlabored technique of skilled comedians who don't have to

knock us down to entertain us."

While such an artless approach might serve for television comedy, it is less than adequate for the farces of Feydeau, Labiche or Gogol, whose "Inspector General" is currently at The Playhouse in San Francisco.

Russian farce demands an old-fashioned broadness that is difficult for American actors to master. No American company can handle Gogol with the deftness the Moscow Art Theatre, for example, brings to his plays.

"INSPECTOR General" bristles with prancy shuffling as actors affect walks and poses lifted from that grab-bag called "comedy," but the characters lack Gogol's solidity and provincial firmness. The production is never dull, but it seldom presents the Russian social milieu and the gallery of nonentities in Gogol's imagination.

The greatest problem is unfortunately in William Wilson's presentation of the play's central character. In a note on the role, Gogol has said, "Khlestakov does not lie at all wildly or in a boastfully theatrical way; he lies with feeling, and the spectator ought to be able to see in his eyes the pleasure he derives from it . . . Everyone becomes a Khlestakov for a moment or for several moments."

Wilson, whose performance is all gusto, has chosen an opposite course, and he might reexamine his character if the light of the author's remarks.

ON THE brighter side, Keith Regan nearly achieves a vulture-like quality that is enjoyable discomforting. Victoria Lindsay's feet are for one instant more expressive than the combined faces of her fellow actors. And there is the excellent George Hitchcock, called in late to play the Mayor, who, by the time this review is printed, may have overcome his too-cautious and internal opening opening night performance.

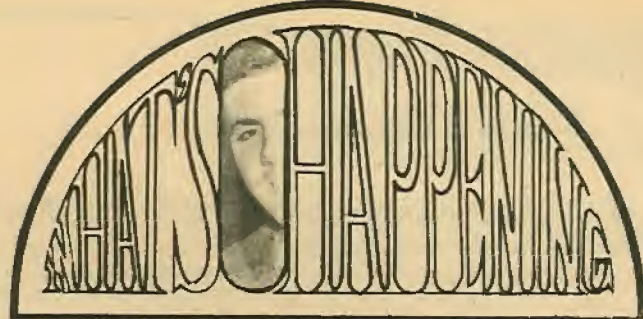
It is worth a trip to the Playhouse just to watch Hitchcock take physical and vocal command of the situation. If, during the course of the run, he and the other actors can become attuned to one another, the acting may achieve a unity it presently lacks.

Just a word about director Phillip Pruneau's adaptation. Why?

With at least two good translations of the play available, this version, which substitutes cute vulgarity for wit, seems neither fish nor fowl—simply unappetizing.

This "Inspector General" does not speak to us because the characters are not yet believable. A better "style" could be found, for the play is not yet precise enough, fantastic enough, real enough. We do not yet see ourselves upon the stage. It is not Gogol.

Most little theatre groups are interested in reading new manuscripts. Playwrights, please note. And classes being offered include those at the Actor's Lab (1870 Sacramento, OR-37836); Thespis School of Theatre (566-7267); and the Straight (387-3303). In addition, sessions for beginning actors, playwrights and directors will be held at the Julian Company (VA 4-3550).



By Creighton H. Churchill

Organic, agronomic, Zen aphrodisiac. . .Hike

Good Karma is not only a state of being, it's a restaurant at 501 Dolores, near the Mission, in San Francisco. Windows are painted in Kama Sutra style murals and the food is macrobiotic and organically grown. Organically means without additions of modern science and agriculture such as pesticides, hormone shots, dyes and chemically fabricated fertilizers. To answer loud raspberries from professional agronomists, I say go and taste. The fresh roasted buckwheat, soup and a vegetable melange in the 95 cent Zen Short Order plate is kinky-good. Also outstanding: avocado and cashew butter sandwiches for 85 cents and woolly-wild herb blend drinks. The "Aphrodisiac" for 95 cents and the Protein Special are before-heavy-dates favorite drinks with the transmigratory Haight-Ashbury squadrons. Fred Rohe, owner and operator of the Good Karma Cafe and the Sunset Health Foods Store, 1319 9th Ave., is a drop-out of respected establishment agricultural schools who feels there is a better way to better living, not through chemistry but through organic foods. His customers bear witness to the wide appeal of organic foods — ranging from aerospace engineers with crewcuts and pocket slide rules to completely stoned Haight loving-couples on a food trip. Dishes and cuisine are unique, no mean thing for a restaurant in San Francisco. There is even organic beef steak for carnivores. Rohe's future ideas include groovies like baking organic breads for sale and having prepackaged organic foods. About the macrobiotic diet controversy, Rohe said: "Most people misunderstand the idea. It's a supplement, not a way to eat to the exclusion of everything else." On organic foods, whether it was the stylistic atmosphere, the interesting seasonings or the food itself, there is a difference, and it's a pleasant one.

Said the Martyr: I prefer cold chops to a hot steak

Food freaks come in all sizes and shapes (mostly large) and rarely agree on anything, from the pepper in pepporoni to tines on salad forks. An East Bay zone on unanimity, however, is the Genova Delicatessen and Ravioli factory, 4905 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. Featuring most every Italian alimentary delight and some from strange outposts like Lox Angeles, the Genova has been renowned for decades as the area's best ravioli maker. Walk in, stand in a corner and inhale. The air has tested out at 800 calories per double lungful—a gas of a lunch in itself—and the hanging meats, sausages and spices create a happy slice of Europe. Rare cheeses, cold meats and gourmet wines are vended as well as prepared foods and pastas. Up the street several blocks is the Union Meat Market, also a venerable institution, specializing in veal. All manner of exotic veal cuts and shapes are available or can be ordered. After the Genova, walk up and order veal for scallopini, take it home and let your friend's Italian grandmother from New Mexico turn out a high protein sculpture.

Watching heifers hoofing through the kitchen

Only a few odd men clad in wool suits, sans underwear and usually working for the Internal Revenue Service, like to be reminded that the steak they are eating was skipping, until recently, around a pasture. Yet, a bit of the carnivore lurks in everyone's id, and a small restaurant at 2348 Polk, called the Butcher Shop, does not go without customers. With meat hooks and slaughtering diagrams on the walls, the "Shop" lives up to its name, but the food is good and the prices are happily low. A dinner for two plus wine is \$9 and the choices of salad, steaks, lobster or prawns are rewarding. Equally agreeable is the total effect of the decor, combining reds, woods and antiques to create an atmosphere reminiscent of La Boucherie, a famous steakhouse in Paris's student quarter.

Purple-footed in Berkeley

Vineyards in Berkeley? Grappa stomps on University Ave.? Well not exactly, but there is a winetasting room at the Oak Barrel Winery, 1201 University Ave., Berkeley. A superb modern raw-lumber-massive-beam architected building shelters hundreds of mammoth oak wine barrels of dozens of California vintages. Whether in bulk or bottle, prices are low. Small oak kegs can be rented out for parties. Quality is the winery's hallmark, and you can taste of it on request at a little front counter-bar piled high with bottles. Besides connoisseur vintages, Oak barrel has an interesting reputation in the community of students who search for the best wine for under \$1.50 per gallon. Oak Barrel Burgundy has won the "nine out of ten Berkeley students in the know drink . . ." test, eclipsing the other favorites, in order of palatability, Mountain Castle (\$1.39) and Red Mountain (\$1.49). Also of interest among the under thirty generation: good wines seems to be the only alcoholic drink not being replaced by marijuana. Excelsior. . .

Wayne is the wrong manor to bat, man

If you've lived in San Francisco or Berkeley for most of your life and have vague anxieties about the void between SF and New York, they are well founded. For sociological research, I suggest Wayne Manor, a pseudo everything billed as a nightclub in Sunnyvale. Started during the first wave of the Batman craze, Wayne Manor, 200 South Murphy Ave., never matured, and now is masquerading as a "psychedelic space station". The dancing girl in the glass cage was a slightly mini-skirted zombie whose go-go had gone-gone. The house band, although stoned, was easy to forget, and the Mirettes, featured entertainment, were a pleasant lesser copy of the Supremes and in desperate need of original material. The most fun was watching high school kids who got drunk outside (no drinks for under 21's, though they may enter) try to dance and laying bets on which one would vomit first.

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OUR AUTUMN FOG

By Phil Palmer

Palmer, Guardian photograph editor and a noted Bay Area photographer, will exhibit his recent photographs at the Focus Gallery, 2146 Union St., San Francisco, from Oct. 3-28.



▲ Fog drifting over Nob Hill



▲ Through the Golden Gate

How do you photograph the fog in San Francisco and environs? The subject is one of the most tantalizing facing the photographer.

The use of filters is mandatory if you are to achieve the necessary tonal separation between fog and sky with black and white film. The standard medium yellow or K2 filter will often do the job. However, when the values of sky and fog are very close or when you wish to exaggerate the tonal separation from white fog to blue sky, a red filter is needed. Panchromatic film should be used.

Any red filter, depending on the series chosen, will require a six-times-normal or more exposure, and thus may call for the use of a tripod.

Exposure should, generally, be kept at a minimum to contain delicate fog values; development likewise must not be carried so far as to block the highlights.

Telephoto lenses are often useful here and, in fact, essential when you must fill the negative with distant detail. Early morning or late afternoon lighting will often define the fog forms better than the flatter light of mid-day.

These fog photographs were all done on 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 in. film, with a Hasselblad 1000F, using lenses ranging from normal to 300mm. The film was either Panatomic-X or Plus-X developed in either Ethol UFG or Edwals FG-7.

Late afternoon fog on Waldo Grade ▲



Fog below Twin Peaks ▲



Fishermen, evening fog and clouds at Golden Gate ▲



▲ Fog over Twin Peaks

At sunrise from the top of Mt. Tamalpais ▼



Design — Judy Wong